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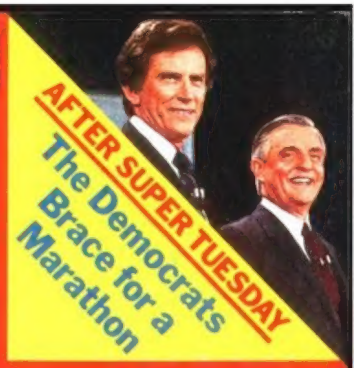

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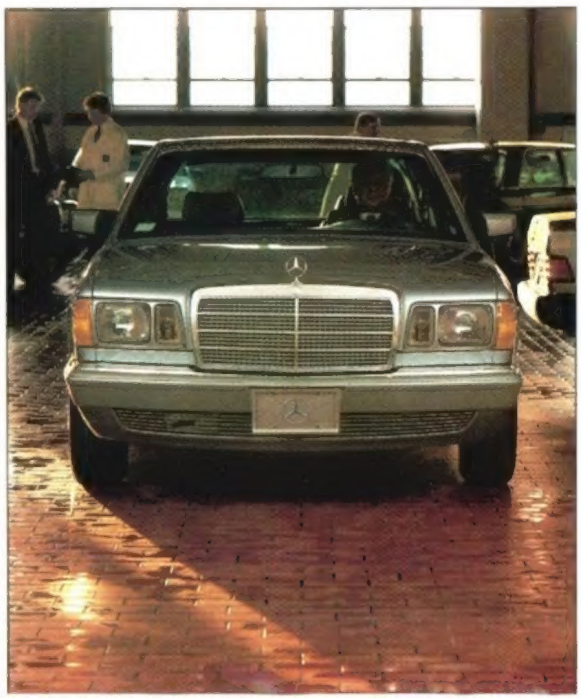

WARRANTED PARTS: NOT A CLAIM OF QUALITY, A *PROMISE* OF QUALITY

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Engineered like no other car in the world

MARCH 26, 1984 Vol. 123 No. 13 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Attentive readers of the bylines that follow most TIME stories have probably noticed that occasionally the name of a reporter contributing to a story is not on the masthead at the front of the magazine. The reason is that the name belongs to a "stringer," one of the more than 300 mostly part-time reporters across the U.S. and round the world who supplement the work of TIME's corps of correspondents. They usually serve in cities, or even countries, where the magazine has no news bureaus. Often they are staff journalists with news agencies or local newspapers. Some are freelancers, working for several publications or primarily for TIME. The name stringer derives from the old and long-abandoned practice of paying freelance reporters according to the length of their pasted-together columns, or strings, of clippings. Today stringers are paid by the hour or the day or in some cases under a long-term contract.

JEFF CZACZKO

Stringer Crooks in U.C.L.A. research lab

The bylines for this week's Medicine cover story on the dangers and mysteries of cholesterol include those of Associate Editor Claudia Wallis, who wrote the story, and Washington Correspondent Patricia Delaney; other contributions came from Correspondents Dick Thompson and Elizabeth Taylor and Reporter-Researcher Mary Carpenter. The credits also include the names of two stringers: Chicago's Sheila Gribben, a 6½-year general-assignment veteran, and Los Angeles' Cheryl Crooks, a stringer for the past five years. Another stringer who helped report the story was Houston's Lianne Hart.

For this story, Gribben sought out experts at the University of Cincinnati Lipid Research Clinic, interviewed food-industry spokesmen and talked to Milwaukee doctors studying heart-disease risk factors such as smoking and job-related stress. Crooks interviewed scientists at universities and medical centers, spoke with teachers participating in a health-improvement scheme and talked to National Institutes of Health researchers about the amazing Pima Indians, who have very low heart-attack rates. Since last year, when she covered the progress of Artificial Heart Recipient Barney Clark for TIME, Crooks has become something of an expert on medical subjects, although her degree from Arizona State in 1977 is in music history. "Medical reporting is exciting," she says. "There are still so many questions about cholesterol requiring proven answers. But things change so fast. When I go to the medical dictionary to check a word's spelling, it often isn't even in there yet. And I've just come from talking with the people who are helping to write that word's very definition."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Andrew Unangst

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Cover: The bad news about cholesterol is in: it plays a deadly role in heart disease. The good news is that Americans can prolong their lives by cutting back on their high-fat, high-cholesterol eating habits. *See* MEDICINE.

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World: As El Salvador's election draws near, the U.S. talks and acts tough. ▸ Jordan's King Hussein deals a blow to U.S. policy in the Middle East. ▸ Winds of peace in Southern Africa. ▸ Bearing crosses in Poland.

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Democrats: In an action-packed week, Hart and Mondale battle to a split decision while Jackson rallies the black vote. The action now moves to a series of key primaries in Northern industrial states. *See* NATION.

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If I saw a lost, frightened child on my street, I would immediately stop and help.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I often feel frustrated and helpless when I see a news story about desperately poor or sick children.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I believe that no child should ever have to do without nourishing food, decent housing, medical care, or schooling.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I think that the best way to help children is not through handouts—but rather, by teaching families to help themselves.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I believe that impoverished children should receive help within their *own* families.
☐ YES ☐ NO

I especially wish there were an effective way I could personally help just *one* desperately poor child and family.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If I could be assured that my money was being spent effectively, I would definitely consider helping.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If I could help a child for as little as 72¢ a day, I would.
☐ YES ☐ NO

If you answered "YES" to these questions, you are the kind of person who *can* help a desperately poor child overseas... through *Foster Parents Plan*. In fact, for just 72¢ a day, you can make it possible for the child you sponsor to have nourishing food, medical care, decent housing, schooling...and hope. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

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☐ YES. I want to give $22 a month—just 72¢ a day—to sponsor *one* desperately poor child through *Foster Parents Plan*—making it possible for the child and family to have a better life, both now and in the future.

☐ YES. I want to help a: ☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either
☐ **Wherever the need is greatest,** or as indicated below:

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☐ Bolivia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Nepal
☐ Colombia	☐ Honduras	☐ The Philippines
☐ Egypt	☐ India	☐ Thailand

☐ YES. I want to sponsor a child of about this age:
☐ 3-6 ☐ 7-10 ☐ 11-14 ☐ Any age 3-14.

☐ YES. I have enclosed a check for $22 for my first month's support of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ NO. I'm not ready to become a Foster Parent yet. But please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring. Within 10 days I'll make my decision.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms. _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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Foster Parents Plan, 157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02887

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Letters

Deficit Feud

To the Editors:

President Reagan and Congress should stop accusing each other and start cooperating to reduce the deficit [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, March 5]. Their refusal to tackle the problem could lead the country into another recession. Martin Feldstein is the kind of economist the nation needs. Eventually he may be able to make the Administration and Congress see that America is drowning in deficits.

Robert Wood
Springfield, Ohio

Posterity is doomed by Ronald Reagan's cruel legacy: a pile of bills with interest due indefinitely.

Frank A. Zimanski
Coronado, Calif.

As a conservative Republican, I am appalled that the Republicans have created a deficit greater than that of any Democratic Administration. President Reagan acted irresponsibly when he reduced taxes before cutting Government expenditures. The only way out of this mess is to keep spending at current levels and restore at least part of the taxes that were so rashly cut in 1981.

Alan W. Raymond
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Increasing taxes to reduce the deficit would produce only a marginal rise in federal revenues and would have the adverse effect of providing a greater incentive for people to invest in nonproductive tax shelters. Any attempt to reduce the deficit must first focus on the spending side of the equation.

William Mark Howell
San Antonio

Ronald Reagan will always be remembered as the Republican President who made both the Democrats and the press scream about the deficit. It will be a long time before another politician can with impunity spend more money than he

takes in. If only Congress would understand the seriousness of the message and begin to cut spending.

David O. Berger
Wauwatosa, Wis.

The quick solution to the budget deficit is to double the tax on tobacco and liquor. Americans will never give up smoking and drinking.

Richard M. Spaulding
Vassalboro, Me.

A law that limits all federal officials to a single term would be the most effective way to decrease the deficit. Without the worry of re-election, politicians would act in a more responsible manner.

Christopher J. Doozan
Detroit

The Feldstein episode is revealing. When a man of integrity, intelligence and selflessness seeks to tell the truth, he stands out in Washington as an oddity.

Jerry Monson
St. Paul

Americans respect Feldstein for his independent thinking as well as his knowledge of economics.

Claude M. Hill
North Augusta, S.C.

Hooray for Feldstein! He would make a good President.

Evelyn Apicelli
Chicago

Kissinger's NATO

Henry Kissinger's "A Plan to Reshape NATO" [SPECIAL SECTION, March 5] is a brilliant exposé of the strains within the Atlantic Alliance. "Drift will lead to unraveling" if the changes Kissinger proposes are not implemented soon. It is astonishing that the West fails to grasp not only the continuing reality of the Soviet threat but also the potentially disastrous situation that may result from continual stalling.

Paul B. Hofmann
Rochester

Thank you, Henry Kissinger, for your intelligent appraisal of our disintegrating relations with our European allies. Some sort of decisive and bipartisan action is crucial. Kissinger's proposals are a counterbalance to the isolationist attitude that is sweeping the U.S.

Susan E. Horst
Norfolk

Kissinger is the only "statesman" who has the gall to add to his countless failures by further pontificating about the state of a world that he once mismanaged!

Douglas J. Stewart
Newton Centre, Mass.

Nowhere does Kissinger suggest any measures to counteract the response of the Soviet Union, which will no doubt further escalate the arms race as the threat from NATO increases. The underlying Kissinger psychology remains paranoid, not only about the Communists but also about "neutralists, pacifists and neoisolationists," whom a wiser man would see as colleagues in building a better world. Kissinger writes, "An alliance cannot live by arms alone." Yet he lacks imagination regarding nonaggressive policies that could help stop wars and decrease international violence.

Thomas F. McGinty
Hilton Head Island, S.C.

The former Secretary of State is obviously annoyed by those "neutralists, pacifists and neoisolationists who systematically seek to undermine all joint efforts." I know who Kissinger is referring to. These are the people Dwight Eisenhower once predicted would "want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it."

Janice De Bois Fitch
State Center, Iowa

Police Peace Corps

In your article on the Police Corps [NATION, Feb. 27], you cited my proposal for a program in "the state," similar to that of a Police Corps. That is how we think of ourselves here, but some of your readers might like to know that the state you failed to identify is Massachusetts.

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend
Boston

Guatemala's Abuses

In discussing the Americas Watch report on human rights violations in Guatemala [WORLD, Feb. 27], you say we are a "controversial group that is often accused of being too sympathetic to the left." The Americas Watch takes pride in its evenhanded criticism of abuses of human rights by governments of varying ideologies. We resent the innuendo.

Aryeh Neier, Vice Chairman
Americas Watch
New York City

Pei's Pyramid

I am surprised that I.M. Pei's plan for a high glass pyramid in the courtyard of the Louvre [DESIGN, Feb. 27] is causing consternation. Pei should be congratulated for proposing a bold new design rather than a model that harks back to a historical style.

Navroz N. Dabu
Cambridge, Mass.

I thought I had only one deadline to meet. But no. Now I must be sure to get to Europe before they drop the Bomb and before the French erect a pyramid outside the Louvre.

Julia Olsen
Whitehorse, Yukon Territory

Parisians raised the same rumpus over the Eiffel Tower in 1889 as they are now doing over Pei's addition to the Louvre. In contrast, many Frenchmen approve of the Georges Pompidou Center. Anyone who can brag about the glass guts of the Pompidou should be able to stomach almost anything. Forge ahead, President Mitterrand, with the splendid pyramids by Pei.

Lucile Bogue
El Cerrito, Calif.

Number Power

It should be pointed out that the new method for factoring *hard* numbers, so successfully implemented at Sandia National Laboratories [SCIENCE, Feb. 13], has its roots in the work of many people, going as far back as the 1920s. This algorithm, called the "quadratic sieve," was invented by me in 1981 and has since been improved by James Davis at Sandia and Peter Montgomery at System Development Corp.

Carl Pomerance
Professor of Mathematics
University of Georgia
Athens, Ga.

Painting's Provenance

In your review of the exhibition "Masterpieces of American Painting" [ART, Jan. 23], you say that the Fogg Art Museum "decided to rid its basement of a dusty landscape" by Frederic Church, *Twilight in the Wilderness*, 1860. This statement implies that the Fogg owned the painting. Actually the picture was owned by a dealer and was in our photography studio for a brief period. Sherman Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum, saw the canvas and arranged to buy it for his museum.

John M. Rosenfield, Acting Director
Harvard University Art Museums
Cambridge, Mass.

Uncluttered Closets

I read with amazement your article on superclosets for the rich [LIVING, March 5]. These women have so many clothes and take such pains to organize their wardrobe, yet look so tacky.

Gloria Rinaldi Goodsman
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Perhaps these ladies should include a statue of Narcissus in their closets to gaze upon while making their selections.

Susan Winstead
Burke Centre, Va.

Now I know where I should invest my money: mothballs.

Kathryn Schneidawind
Dumont, N.J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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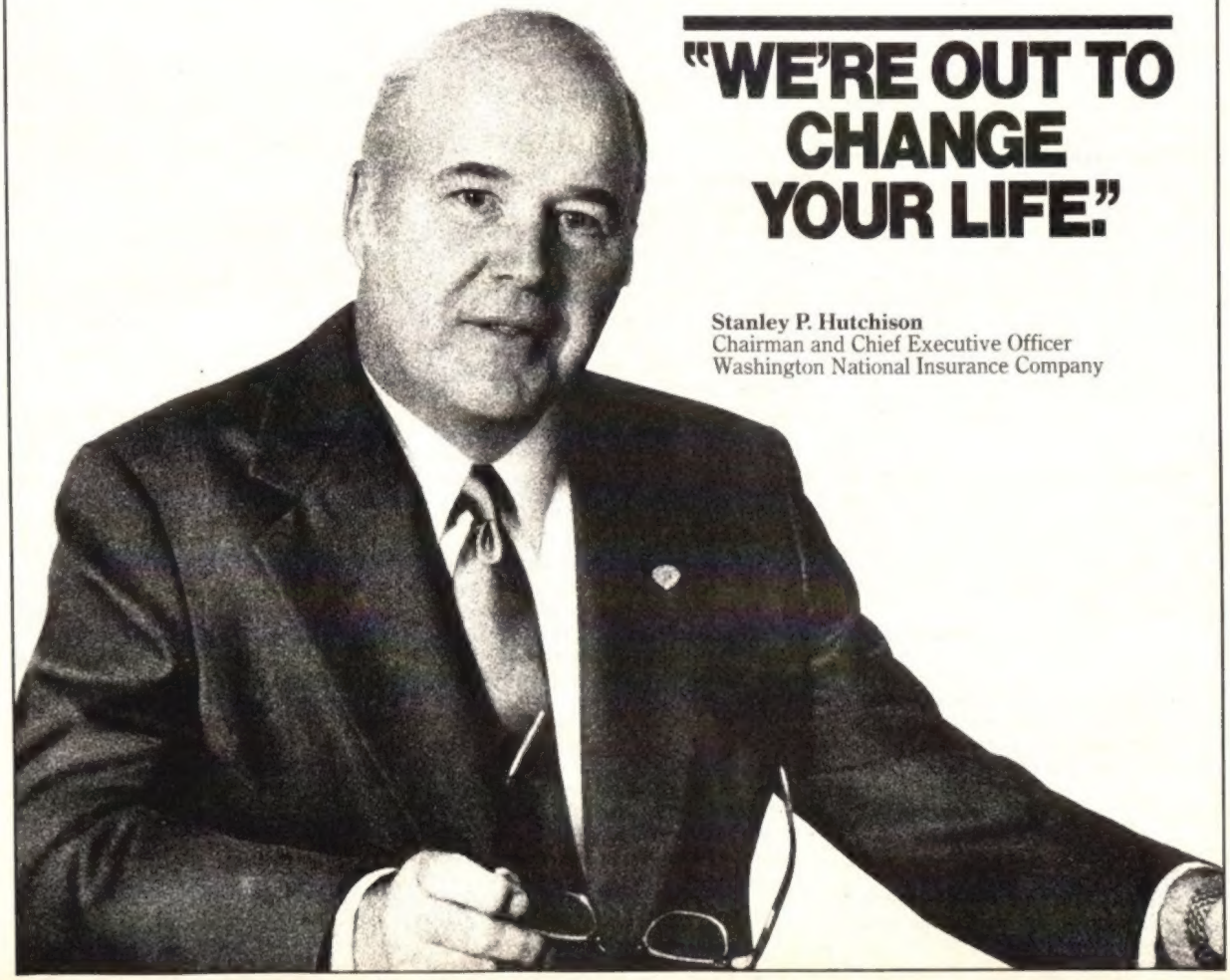

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Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
Washington National Insurance Company

In New York: Casting About for a *Chorus*

EPSTEIN—CAMERA 5

A stageful of dancers strut their stuff to win jobs in the movie version of *A Chorus Line*

"I really need this job. I've got to get this show."
—From *A Chorus Line*

By 9 a.m., when the auditions start, there are hundreds of people standing in the drizzle outside Broadway's Royale Theater. By midday, as the skies clear, the line has grown to perhaps 1,000. They wait for hours for the chance to spend, in most cases, scant minutes standing onstage before being rejected and hastened out the door. A few are on a lark, and some may be on a mystical private trip: one young woman wears a lifelike head-to-toe bear costume, which she refuses to take off even to dance. But most are serious of purpose, and many are attractive and talented. In all, some 2,000 would-be performers are shuffled through, and 300 are called back for further auditions; eventually, perhaps one or two will be cast. Yet even the losers, as they come blinking into the sunlight, say it has been worthwhile, and they use almost identical words. "You never get anything," explains a dancer-typist, "unless you try."

It may be the most passionate American dream, more nearly universal than finding the streets paved with gold or hearing the crowd cheering the winning touchdown or even taking the oath of office, hand on the Bible: the vision of being discovered and thrust into instant movie stardom. In much publicized myth, it can happen at a soda counter. But it happens most often to people who work at it, begging for appointments to plead for the privilege of being allowed to audition so that they can then risk being "typed out"—excluded because they have "the wrong look"—after a glance from a casting director. In life, humiliation and disappointment wear actors out; in show-business legend, the defeated heroes are inspired to fight anew.

Most people who struggle for stardom live in New York or California. Even the giddiest know they have little chance of being discovered in a drugstore in Manhattan, Kans., or a restaurant in Los Angeles, Texas. They scour the trade newspapers for notices of auditions. The more fortunate have union memberships that get them past guarded doors. The rest try to fib their way in or, if less bold, wait for "open calls." Known as "cattle calls," they may be publicity stunts. But for an unknown, they may be the only hope.

On this day in New York City, the call is for a movie that many of the auditioners in line view as an anthem to their lives: *A Chorus Line*, a film version of the Pulitzer-prizewinning musical play that last year became the longest-running show in Broadway history. A sort of downbeat reworking of Busby Berkeley's 1933 movie *42nd Street*, in which a member of the ensemble suddenly becomes a star, *Chorus Line* depicts the ruthless process of casting a Broadway musical; it evolved from the actual experiences of its first performers. Although even weeknight tickets to the show cost as much as $45, many of the people auditioning for the film version have seen it onstage as often as other people go to ball games: Suzette Breitbart, a Queens, N.Y., high school student who has studied dance for ten years, says she has been to *Chorus Line* 14 times. Yet some of these devotees seem not to have grasped its essentials. Among those waiting to audition are people who look much too old or too young to play dancers in their 20s and early 30s. Some look badly out of shape. Although the characters are specifically defined, even idiosyncratic, few of the aspirants seem to have a particular role in mind. When Lori Agid, 26, is asked what part she feels suited to, she answers simply, "Whatever."

EPSTEIN—CAMERA 5

In judgment: Attenborough and Hornaday

Inside the theater, 15 performers stand onstage. These candidates have leaped the first hurdle: they have been permitted to learn a five-step dance routine, or "combination," and execute it for the four men huddled in orchestra seats a few yards away. Those sitting in judgment are the movie's producers, Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin, Broadway veterans whose movie version of *Cabaret* won eight Oscars; Director Sir Richard Attenborough, whose last film, *Gandhi*, also won eight Oscars; and Choreographer Jeffrey Hornaday, 27, a former dancer who staged the movement in *Flashdance*. Michael Bennett, who conceived *Chorus Line* and who was to transform it for the screen, now has no part in making the film.

The four men mutter pointedly about the performers' talent, poise and looks. "The guy in the tie-dyed shirt is technically fine," Hornaday says, "but his eyes are dead." Even the judgments that benefit auditioners could prove painful if spoken within their earshot. Says Feuer: "We need someone who looks foolish to play Greg." His colleagues nod, and one young man is in. But the triumph is temporary and perhaps hollow. At this stage, the auditioners are moving on to "call-backs," the first step in a process that will, the producers admit, stretch up to the start of production in September. Open calls are being held in Los Angeles. Individual auditions will be granted to Broadway and Hollywood actors, including, Martin says, "every person who has ever appeared in any of the stage companies of *Chorus Line*. We think they are entitled."

The men stop conferring and are ready. "The boy in the green top," Horna-

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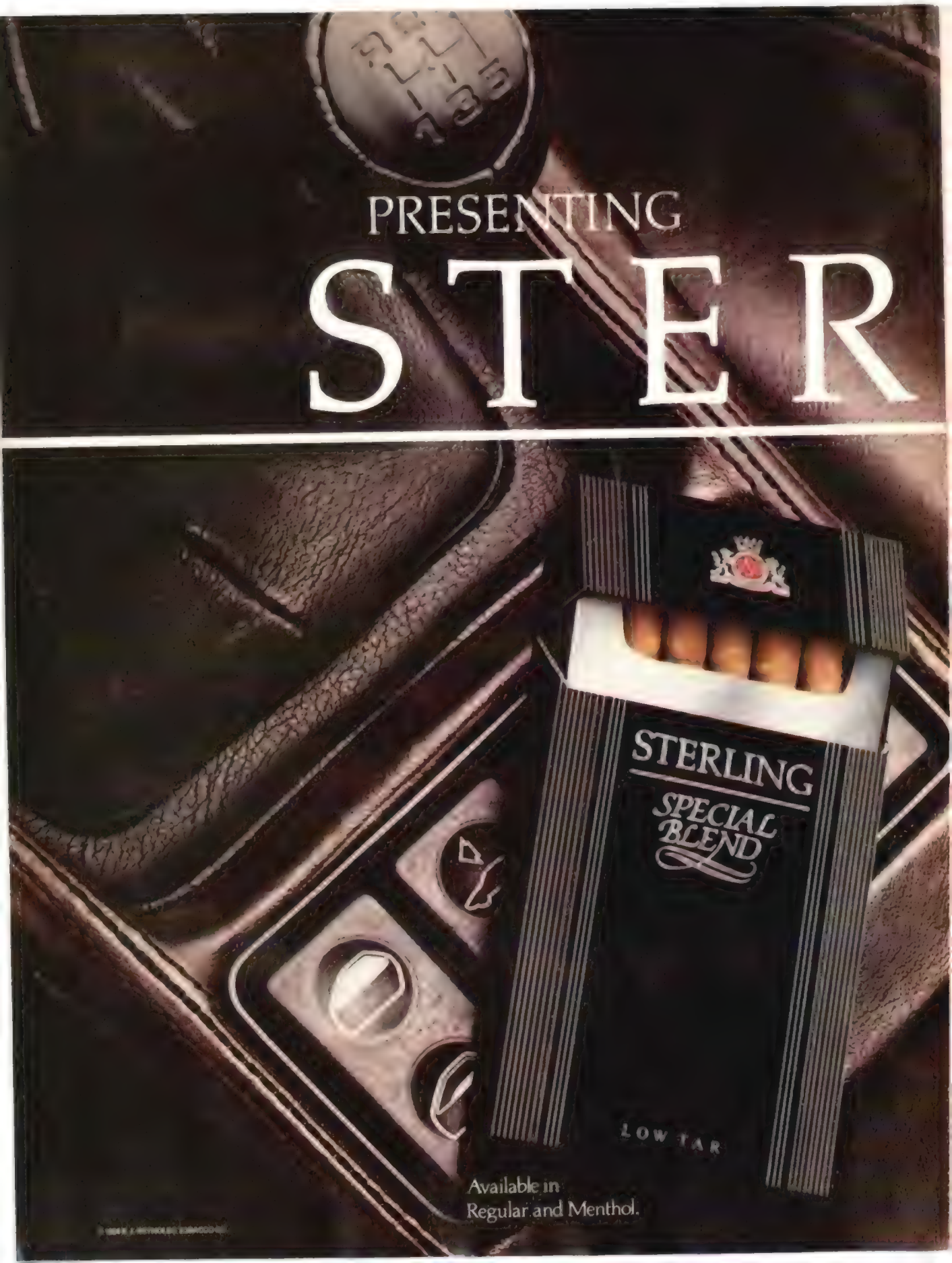
American Scene

day calls out, and, hesitantly, the third youth in line eases to the front. "The pink tights." As the wearer of that garment comes forward, the woman next to her winces at having been passed by. After another huddle, Hornaday says, "That's all." Immediately, a silver-haired man with a clipboard steps in from the side of the stage and intones in a swift singsong, "Those in the front line, please wait on the right. For the rest, thank you very much and please leave, as quickly as possible, the way you came in." Silently, like defendants in traffic court, the losers gather their street clothes and slip out.

Many of the auditioners, especially those who survive to await the taking of group photographs, know one another and exchange greetings. The atmosphere is friendly rather than competitive. The sheer arithmetic of the situation means that no one person will be the reason that another fails to get hired. While he waits for the photo call, Danny Esteras, 25, jokes or commiserates with acquaintances and passes out cards for his wife's hair-styling business. Like most "successful" show dancers, he is in and out of work: he appeared in a 1981 international tour of *West Side Story* and with Sandy Duncan in last year's *Five-Six-Seven-Eight ... Dance!* at Radio City Music Hall, but at the moment he is a waiter and disc jockey at catered parties. "I choreograph a video here, I dance in an industrial film there. But this is not steady employment."

Attenborough periodically calls a break in the auditions so that he can go outside to chat encouragingly with the people waiting in line. Says Esteras: "It is so rare in this situation, his just acting like a normal human being." Indeed, Attenborough and Hornaday occasionally grant call-backs, out of compassion, to auditioners whom they have no interest in hiring. Because an eventual no is immeasurably more common than an acceptance, the call-back is a crucial symbolic reassurance that the aspirant is not in the wrong business. When the stage manager attempts to reconsider some people who have already been granted call-backs, in the hope of further winnowing, Attenborough balks. He insists: "If we have any doubt, we say yes." As the day wears on, however, the producers' eyes look glazed, and they find it hard to be excited about anybody. The chatty humanity of the morning becomes almost ruthless efficiency. A group of 15 people who have been waiting several hours are hustled onto the stage, some with their coats still on. Within four minutes they are all being thanked for their time and urged out another door. As the production team members glance at one another in apparent discomfort, Cy Feuer reminds them of the lesson that the dreamers in the waiting line have already learned: "We are in the thank-you-very-much business." —*By William A. Henry III*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Winning a split decision: the Colorado Senator campaigning in Florida en route to victories north, east, south and west

TIME/MARCH 26, 1984

Bracing for a Marathon

The race between Hart and Mondale heads toward more showdowns

CAMPAIGN 84

Gary Hart can still claim momentum. Walter Mondale can still claim the lead in delegates. Neither can claim the Democratic presidential nomination just yet. Indeed, there is a chance that neither will be able to do so until the last primary ballots are counted in June—or even until the last delegate votes are tallied at the San Francisco convention in July.

That in essence was the message sent to the contenders last week by some 3.5 million voters who trooped to polling places from the Arctic Circle to the Florida Keys, from the snow-sodden beaches of Cape Cod to the sun-drenched sands of Hawaii. From Super Tuesday, with contests in nine states, through Saturday, with caucuses in five more, Super Week covered 16 states that will be sending almost 1,000 delegates to San Francisco, out of a total of 3,933. It once loomed as the decisive showdown of the campaign. Mondale initially figured to deliver knockout blows to all those rivals who survived the opening primaries and caucuses. Later, after Hart followed up his victory in New Hampshire with a string of quick triumphs in other early contests, it seemed just possible that the Colorado Senator might win enough votes during the week to leave the Mondale campaign hanging paralyzed on the ropes.

In the event, Super Week was not quite a draw but a split decision. Hart won seven states, Mondale six; "uncommitted" swept Hawaii, South Carolina and three Kentucky counties that caucused in advance of the rest of the state. An impartial political referee would probably award the match to Hart on points. He won states large (Florida, Massachusetts) and small (Rhode Island), and some where his campaign barely existed at the beginning of March (Washington, Nevada). He proved that his candidacy is not a flashy fad but a national movement.

Some of the results, however, were ambiguous. Standout example: the Michigan caucuses, Saturday's main event. The state was stacked in Mondale's favor; he had the backing of the United Auto Workers and almost every Michigan Democratic politician with a recognizable name. Some caucuses were held in unpublicized locations, others in union halls under the eyes of U.A.W. officials.

Despite all that, the fervor of the campaign drew an unexpectedly heavy turnout of 135,000 that prolonged some caucuses two hours past the scheduled closing time of 4 p.m. Mondale won, with 49% of the vote, but Hart took a more than respectable 31%. On Saturday, Mondale also won the greatest number of delegates in Arkansas and Mississippi. Earlier in the week, he scored victories where he had to (Georgia, Alabama) in order to survive and slow Hart's surge a bit—from 150 m.p.h. to 100 m.p.h., in Hart's offhand metaphor.

Indeed, thanks partly to his triumph in Michigan and partly to the fact that dele-

Hanging in there: the former Vice President displaying boxing gloves donated by a supporter to celebrate "must" wins in Georgia and Alabama

gate strength is only loosely tied to the popular vote in most primary states." Mondale appears to have won some 300 delegates last week to Hart's 245. Overall, the rough unofficial count as of Saturday night was Mondale, 458 of the 1,967 delegates needed to nominate; Hart, 289; uncommitted or pledged to other candidates, 314. But delegates this year are free to switch their votes up to or even at the convention.

So the week's results point to a continuation of a close, hot and exciting battle, with the next face-off in Illinois, where 116 delegates will be chosen this week. A heavy defeat there could deal Mondale a serious blow, since the state once seemed ideally suited to display his strengths: backing by unions and the party establishment, in this case the Chicago machine. But the machine is unpopular with downstaters and suburbanites, reinforcing Hart's popularity among those groups, and with blacks, who may vote for the Rev. Jesse Jackson, a Chicago resident. At week's end Hart was running neck and neck with Mondale in statewide polls.

Assuming the Illinois primary is not a rout either way, Elliot Cutler, a top Mondale adviser, offers a plausible scenario for the remainder of the campaign: "A week from now, you [reporters] all will be saying, 'It's coming down to New York'; after that you'll be saying, 'It's coming down to Pennsylvania.' Then I guarantee you everyone will be calling June 5 Super Tuesday II." New York chooses 172 delegates in a primary on April 3, and Pennsylvania selects 117 on April 24; on June 5, 333 delegates will be elected in primaries in California, New Jersey and three other states.

The struggle between Hart and Mondale, of course, is vastly more than a sporting event. It matches against each other two visions of what the Democratic Party should be and where it should try to lead the nation: Hart pledging a "new generation of leadership" dedicated to nonideological, pragmatic and untested "new ideas." Mondale plugging tried and somewhat tattered traditional liberalism. Says Mondale: "This marathon will be good for our country. Americans will learn a lot about us, about our character, our records, our plans and values."

In one respect, Super Week made the choice a bit more clear: it left just one candidate still competing for votes with Hart and Mondale. Six rivals had hit the hustings against them in February; by the end of last week the sole survivor was Jesse Jackson. He needed to win 20% of the ballots in at least one primary to hold on to his federal matching funds, and just made it, taking 21% in Georgia. In Alabama, he took 19%. Jackson has no chance to win the nomination, but he could take important black votes away from Mondale.

Senator John Glenn, who could never convert his once formidable standing in public opinion polls into a commensurate number of primary and caucus votes, gave up his campaign on Friday. In debt $2 million and unable to win anywhere, even in the South, where he had staked his last hopes on appealing to a "sensible center," the former astronaut had no choice. He declined to endorse anyone, and said, "I don't aspire to be Vice President"—but added, "If I thought it was really important to the party and the country, I'd have to consider it." His withdrawal creates new opportunities for both Hart and Mondale in Glenn's home state of Ohio, which will choose 105 delegates in a primary on May 8. George McGovern, the Democrats' 1972 nominee, kept his promise to fold his campaign if he did not finish at least second in Massachusetts.

Super Week clarified the campaign in another way: it brought into sharper focus the contrasting appeal of the two main contenders. Though Hart's early victories were concentrated in New England, he won last week at every point of the geographic compass, adding an unexpected triumph in the Alaska caucuses Thursday to his Super Tuesday scores from Massachusetts to Florida to Washington.

Hart proved that a media blitz could overcome both his own late start and Mondale's once vaunted edge in organization. In Oklahoma, Mondale had put together what some pols called the most professional organization ever seen in the state, while Hart did not even have an office there twelve days before the vote. Nonetheless, a last-minute surge of Hart newspaper and TV ads helped draw a record crowd of about 42,000 to the state's caucuses last Tuesday, and Hart scored a 42%-to-40% upset. In Florida, an early-February poll turned up only 2% support

*In some states, the preference and delegate votes are completely separate. In others, delegates are apportioned according to each candidate's share of the vote, not statewide but within each congressional district. "Threshold" and "bonus" rules may further complicate the apportionment.

for Hart. But last Tuesday, again after a newspaper and TV blitz, Hart won 39% of the popular vote, to Mondale's 33%.

Hart appealed to groups other than the young, upwardly mobile voters who form the core of his support *(see following story)*. He does run best among upper-income and better-educated voters. But exit polls in the South showed the Senator winning support in nearly every income and occupational group. In Florida, he even made some inroads into the state's large community of retired people, despite the pro-Mondale efforts of 83-year-old Congressman Claude Pepper. Said Stephen Purdy, 75, of Pensacola, explaining his vote for Hart: "I suppose that I would like to see a change, and wouldn't like to see a change in the Johnson, Mondale or Carter mold."

Mondale's strength, in contrast, appears from exit polls to be heavily concentrated among traditional Democrats: union members, lower-income voters, those blacks who have not joined the Jackson camp (Hart's voters, so far, have been almost exclusively white). But even some fervent Democrats, noting Hart's appeal to independents, are finding a new reason to choose the Coloradan. Says Reno Electrician Gary Willis: "If you're a Democrat, the key question is, Who can beat Reagan? Who can turn the voters out? People don't think that Mondale can."

Willis, however, is somewhat unusual among Hart supporters in giving a cogent reason to explain his stand. Hart voters interviewed by TIME correspondents last week hardly ever mentioned issues, and many could give little reason at all for choosing him beyond a vague yearning for a fresh face. "I can't tell you why I voted for Hart," said Renee Goldenburg, a Coral Gables, Fla., housewife. "I just wanted someone completely new." Mondale's followers, on the other hand, often cited their man's stand on specific issues. Said Dewey Blair, a Georgia machine operator: "I think Mondale would be more inclined to listen to ideas for making the tax structure more fair for working people."

The fuzziness of Hart's appeal so far has enabled him to draw votes from liberals and conservatives, independents and even some Republicans. But Hart could have trouble holding that support as voters take a harder look at him.

And then there were three: Glenn announcing his withdrawal from the race

Hart blundered badly last week in a speech at Springfield, Ill., by obliquely questioning Mondale's "personal integrity" and muttering about "an inordinate need for power . . . blind ambition . . . destructive assault." He was responding to information from his staff that the Mondale campaign was running TV ads in New York emphasizing the changes Hart had made in his family name, reported date of birth and even the way he signs his name. In fact, no such ads had run. At his next campaign stop, in Galesburg little more than an hour later, Hart admitted, "We were incorrectly informed" and added, "I apologize." At best, the incident indicated that even the rigidly self-controlled Hart can lose his cool in the heat of a campaign.

Mondale will be trying to keep the pressure high. His aides are under no illusions that he did much more than survive last week's contests. Asked what would have happened if Mondale had lost Georgia to Hart, as he came close to doing, Campaign Manager Robert Beckel squeezed an imaginary golf club, sighted down an imaginary fairway and intoned: "Boca Raton, about 290 yards, par four." But the Mondale camp could point to exit polls showing that in several of last week's primaries, voters who made their choice in the final few days mostly went to the former Vice President. The swing was enough to produce must wins in Georgia and Alabama.

Mondale's interpretation is that he is finally scoring with his attacks on Hart as being naive, inexperienced and vague on the issues, epitomized by his question about Hart's new ideas: "Where's the beef?" That line drew a big laugh when Mondale first used it in a TV debate in Atlanta Sunday night and immediately became the war cry of the former Vice President's campaign *(see box)*. Addressing his campaign workers in Washington two nights later, Mondale asserted, "I've come back into the race because people asked the one question that counts most . . ." The question he intended to, and finally did, pose was "Who will be the best President?" But to voice it, he had to interrupt a spontaneous chant from the crowd of "Where's the beef?"

Though not entirely fair, the question is difficult for Hart to answer. He keeps repeating that his positions are described in full in his book *A New Democracy*, published last year, as indeed most of them are. But he has little chance of persuading many voters to read the book or the position papers in which he has spelled out complex policy ideas that are not easily reduced to simple campaign slogans.

More specifically, Mondale is increasingly hammering Hart on foreign policy. In Chicago last week, he accused Hart of advocating a strategy that "threatens to weaken our crucial alliances" because it would involve reducing the number of American troops in Europe "in an undefined and perhaps substantial way" in order to build a stronger U.S. Navy. Hart wrote in his book that the U.S. should make naval superiority over the Soviet

Making Hart Stew

The ads for Burger King used to cry "Have it your way," but as a political campaign slogan that would be foolish. Spoken by one candidate to another, "You deserve a break today," the old McDonald's line, would also be too kindhearted. But Walter Mondale's repetition of a hamburger chain's advertising slogan, "Where's the beef?," has proved a remarkably successful political putdown.

Mondale uses the question to suggest that Gary Hart's policy ideas, while impressive sounding, lack substance. Mondale's campaign manager, Robert Beckel, urged the candidate to use the slogan during the Atlanta debate a week ago Sunday. "When I hear about your new ideas," Mondale told Hart, "I'm reminded of the ad 'Where's the beef?' " The audience cracked up, and Mondale took the slogan out on the hustings, more than once using a hamburger bun as a prop.

Hart's earnest rebuttals and belated attempts to deflect the barb with humor (he held his book, *A New Democracy*, between hamburger buns) did little to stem the damage. For Mondale's purposes, it was almost as if a subtle anti-Hart ad campaign had been running nationally for two months. The Wendy's chain has spent more than $8 million broadcasting its "Where's the beef?" TV ads *(see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS*)*. By comparison, Mondale and Hart between them have spent $2.2 million on TV advertising. Has an adman's whimsy been carried too far? Said Campaign Dropout George McGovern: "I think there's enough beef in both of them, if they don't turn each other into hamburger."

Union its "first priority" and added, "We could not afford to do that while maintaining our Army in Europe at its present size." He called for a new "division of labor within NATO," under which the Europeans would assume more of the burden of land defense against the Soviets.

Hart has not taken Mondale's assaults quietly. In his Springfield speech, he renewed his attack on Mondale as the candidate of "the old arrangements and special-interest agenda that have locked up our party and this nation for too long." During the same speech in which he apologized to Mondale for his remarks about the ads that never ran, Hart implied that the former Vice President nonetheless is a liar. Accusing Mondale of falsely questioning his commitment to arms control and civil rights, Hart declared, "The fundamental issue still remains, and that is whether a candidate can purposely and consciously continue to say things that he knows not to be true."

In this welter of charge and countercharge, Hart can no longer portray himself as financial underdog to the lavishly funded Mondale. Quite the contrary: it is Mondale who is now being forced into some unaccustomed penny-pinching. Hoping to lock up the nomination early, Mondale spent heavily on the early contests; by the end of March his outlays will total about $12.5 million, and federal law permits him to use only $7.7 million more before the convention. Finance Chairman Timothy Finchem insists that will be enough to stage an effective drive through the late primaries and caucuses, but in Mondale's words, his campaign is "no longer the Cadillac operation." The paid staff operating out of Mondale's Washington headquarters was slashed from a peak of 175 before last week to about 100, and is supposed to be reduced further to 75.

There are signs that the economizing may hurt. In New York, Mondale's campaign chairman, William Hennessy admits he is under orders from national headquarters to hold down expenses for the crucial primary, now two weeks off. Since Hart has spent only $3.2 million so far, he is effectively free to shell out all the money he can collect. The cash is rolling in in the wake of his triumphs since New Hampshire. Advisers claim his finance committee took in nearly $1 million in pledges last Tuesday alone. Says Ronald Shelp, a Hart supporter who runs a New York consulting firm: "Three months ago, I invited 500 people to a fund raiser and 40 showed up. In the past two weeks I've heard from the other 460. It's amazing how many incompetent secretaries mislaid my original invitation."

That is a reminder of how swiftly the race has turned around. After Super Week, the only safe prediction seems to be that it could turn again—and again. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale, Jack E. White with Hart, and other bureaus*

Here Come the Yumpies

Younger, better-off, better-educated voters go for Gary

CAMPAIGN '84

Call them the Me generation or Baby Boomers or Yumpies (young upwardly mobile professionals). By any label, younger, more affluent, better-educated voters appear to have embraced Gary Hart's "new generation" politics. On Super Tuesday, they provided Hart with his most consistent support, according to NBC exit polls. In Georgia, for instance, Hart lost overall but led by a wide margin among 25- to 34-year-olds (28% to 19%), college graduates (29% to 20%) and those earning more than $40,000 (37% to 25%). Conceded a top Mondale aide: "There's little question about the numbers."

Hart, as a loner who stands outside of the Washington old-boy network, skeptical of New Deal social programs and U.S. intervention abroad, naturally appeals to this group. He began courting it in his first Senate race in 1974 with a blunt campaign slogan: "They've Had Their Turn. Now It's Ours."

Baby Boomers are stronger in the prosperous states they tend to migrate to, like Florida and Colorado, than in the industrial states they left behind, like Pennsylvania and Ohio, both of which have

Courting youth: the candidate reaches out to admirers last week in Fayetteville, Ark.

Skeptical of Establishment candidates, his constituency is still more moderate than liberal.

Mondale, by contrast, appealed to older, poorer and less-schooled voters. Despite losing Florida to Hart, Mondale finished ahead of him among those over 65 (43% to 42%) and those who did not graduate from high school (45% to 36%). He won Georgia by only 4%, but buried Hart, 48% to 20%, among those who did not complete high school, and 42% to 22% among the over-65s.

The 34-year-olds who are voting for Hart in the 1984 primaries are in many cases the 18-year-olds who rang doorbells for Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and the 22-year-olds who cast their ballots for George McGovern in 1972. They are still skeptical of Establishment candidates and political bosses. But they have shed idealism for pragmatism, and liberalism for moderation. Many Yumpies seem more interested in making money for themselves than in redistributing it to the poor. "They tend to be entrepreneurial," says Tom Kiley, a political consultant in Boston. Notes Pollster Daniel Yankelovich: "They see that the liberals and conservatives haven't really solved the problems." The post–Viet Nam generation is wary of the U.S.'s trying to save the rest of the world. They look at El Salvador and see another potential quagmire.

important primaries coming up. In the long term, the 77 million people born between 1946 and 1964—one-third of the U.S. population—could be an extremely potent force. "The group is so big that it represents a real opportunity for a candidate or even a whole party to create an entirely new governing coalition with as much stability as the old New Deal coalition," says Republican Pollster Robert Teeter, who predicts that such a voting bloc could last for 30 years.

Young voters, however, have a history of low turnouts, and Teeter doubts that Hart is sufficiently charismatic to bring them out in large enough numbers to win the presidency this year. But by 1988, he predicts, they will be politically mature and ready to rally behind Hart—or some other candidate. As Yankelovich points out, the Baby Boomers' pragmatism extends to politicians. "They are unforgiving when it comes to lack of success," he says. "They have no real loyalties. They have big enthusiasms that they can kiss off tomorrow." ■

The quiet loner: sculpting a bird from clay in his Washington office

Journey of a Small-Town Boy

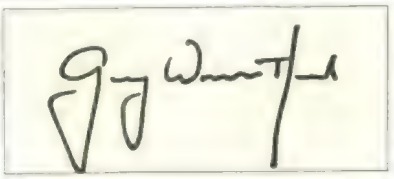
As Hart's fortunes rise, so does scrutiny of his past

CAMPAIGN 84

Most Americans are free to start over. They can leave home, shed old personas, lose their pasts, become the people they want to be. Rarely must they justify or explain. Presidential candidates are not so fortunate. Their lives are retraced in unforgiving detail by opponents and reporters. For Gary Hart, the scrutiny is becoming particularly intense. Says Frank Mankiewicz, who with Hart managed the 1972 George McGovern campaign: "There are more investigative reporters looking into Gary Hart's background than Watergate."

For the past month, reporters have been poking around Hart's old home town of Ottawa, Kans. Inevitably, perhaps, the trail has led to Hart's mother, who died in 1972. Nina Hartpence is portrayed by neighbors and relatives as strict and domineering. "We always had trouble getting Gary to come out and play," a childhood friend, Duane Hoobing, was quoted as saying in the *Wall Street Journal* last week. "He was lonely lots of times. His mother never let him get too involved with other kids." A devout member of the Church of the Nazarene, Mrs. Hartpence enforced the church's injunctions against smoking, liquor, going to the movies and slow dancing. She was also oddly restless, moving Hart and his adopted sister Nancy from one cheap rented house to another, while Husband Carl drifted from job to job. For young Gary, worldly pleasure meant driving to the town airport on a double date and dancing on the empty runway to the car radio.

When Hart left Ottawa to go to Oklahoma's Bethany Nazarene College at the age of 18, he was shy, serious and determined to leave the small-town boy behind. Over the years, he changed his name from Hartpence to Hart, changed his age to make himself a year younger, changed his signature, became a movie buff and began drinking margaritas (in moderation). His circle of friends broadened from Duane Hoobing to Warren Beatty and Shirley MacLaine. An antiwar activist in the late '60s, he obtained a commission in the Naval Reserve in 1980 at the age of 44. He wanted to be ready to serve in the Persian Gulf if war broke out, he explained, although as a noncombat officer in the Judge Advocate General's Corps—a military lawyer—he would probably get no closer to the front than the naval base at Norfolk, Va. In 1979 he separated from his wife Lee, who had been his college sweetheart; they got back together in 1980, separated again in 1981, then reconciled a few months before he announced his presidential candidacy.



From script to print, minus a middle name

Hart professes not to understand why anyone would care whether he changed his name or age. "I don't think they're issues with the people," he says, "though they seem to be issues with reporters." Has he tried to remake himself after a rigid and unhappy childhood? "What a lot of baloney!" he exclaimed in an interview with TIME last week. "Everybody's going to be psychoanalyzed. Jimmy Carter was, Richard Nixon was, George McGovern was. It's just part of the deal. But my childhood was as happy as one can be in not plush economic circumstances." He changed his signature, he explained, "to make it easier to read." (To make his Senate letterhead signature legible, Hart dropped his middle name and switched from script to print.) As for the age change, which apparently occurred about the time Hart turned 30, "There's nothing sinister there. There is no benefit to me from it. It didn't help me politically, it didn't help me financially, it didn't help my career. So therefore, what? If it seems mysterious to people, it'll just have to be mysterious." (In earlier interviews, Hart has vaguely attributed the age change to a family joke.)

Hart scoffs at the notion that he is a "man of mystery." Says he: "I'm a private man. We have not been social butterflies on the Washington scene. I have not courted the opinion makers in Washington or New York socially, the way you're supposed to." He has, however, cultivated friends in Hollywood since his McGovernite days. His more glamorous backers include Beatty, Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson, Goldie Hawn and Margaux Hemingway. In Washington he keeps close ties to influential reporters.

With mother and sister; as college orator; in 1972 campaign

"Everybody is psychoanalyzed. It's part of the deal."

Today's Chevrolet

Braggin' Wagon

Cavalier

Room for the one that didn't get away Chevrolet Cavalier Wagon has more total room than Ford Escort Wagon, Subaru DL, Nissan Sentra or Toyota Tercel wagons, so that means more comfort, more convenience and more cubic feet for you.

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Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

For about a year before his most recent reconciliation with Lee, he lived at the home of Bob Woodward, the Washington *Post* investigative reporter who helped break open Watergate.

For all the changes in Hart's life, he remains in many ways just as reserved, self-contained and ambitious as he was when he left Ottawa 30 years ago. He prefers reading or modeling clay birds (eagles, mostly) in his office to jollying up his colleagues in the Senate cloakroom. On the stump "he's miserable at working crowds," says Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, a friend and supporter. Yet Hart this winter has worked hard to overcome his shyness and to press flesh cheerfully. "At times he is shy and withdrawn. But he has a great sense of humor," says Colorado Congressman Timothy Wirth.

But Hart's humor can be clunky or even mean. After Senator Edward Kennedy glowingly introduced Hart at a fund raiser at Kennedy's home last year, Hart mimicked his host: "Well, ah, Gary, I'm not, ah, ah . . ." The Democratic fat cats listened in embarrassed silence. The next morning Hart called Kennedy to apologize, as he invariably does when his sharp tongue wounds. When, after beating Walter Mondale in New Hampshire, Hart ungraciously and sarcastically sympathized with Mondale for having nothing more than organized labor and $12 million on his side, one of Hart's old acquaintances wondered, "Does he have an angry man inside of him?"

His close friends say no. To them, Hart can be warm and trusting, perhaps too much so. "When he trusts somebody, he is very candid," says Denver Lawyer Hal Haddon, who has known Hart since 1968. "And some of the people he trusts are going to burn him publicly. He's not been burned as much as he is going to be burned."

Will he be able to take the pounding of the campaign? He has managed to control himself in the face of hostile questioning, but barely. He does not come off as self-righteous, as Jimmy Carter sometimes did. But he has not shown the capacity of his model, John F. Kennedy, to disarm critics with self-deprecation. J.F.K., for instance, defused the issue of his family's heavy spending in the 1960 election by telling his audience that he had received a wire from his father: "Dear Jack, Don't buy one more vote than necessary. I'll be damned if I'll pay for a landslide." Frank Mankiewicz suggests that Hart could turn the age-change issue into a joke simply by beginning a speech with a statement of fact and then, after pausing a beat, adding, "I'm as certain of that as I am of my own age." Hart's arduous climb from restless small-town boy to presidential contender has sharpened and toughened him. The campaign will test whether his steely cool is well tempered, or too brittle. —*By Evan Thomas. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and Jack E. White with Hart*

Showing His Stuff in Dixie

Jesse Jackson proves he can entice blacks to the polls

CAMPAIGN '84

From the beginning of his campaign, Jesse Jackson had counted on the primaries below the Mason-Dixon line to show that he could entice historically stay-at-home blacks to the voting booth. Last week in Alabama, Florida and Georgia, Jackson did just that. "Blacks just ran to the polls," said Tyrone Brooks, Jackson's campaign director in Georgia.

Indeed, in Alabama and Georgia, blacks for the first time ever in presidential primaries voted more heavily than whites. In Alabama, where blacks make up 22.5% of the state's registered voters, they were an outsize 35% of its Super Tuesday electorate. In Georgia, where they account for 20.6% of the registered voters, blacks cast an estimated 34% of the primary total.

In Alabama, according to an NBC exit poll, Jackson won 60% of the black vote to 34% for Walter Mondale, who was backed by Joe Reed, chairman of the black Alabama Democratic Conference. (A New York *Times*/CBS survey found the Alabama vote split more evenly: 50% for Jackson, 47% for Mondale.) One weak spot for Jackson was the Birmingham area, where Mondale, aided by black Mayor Richard Arrington, trounced him by 2 to 1. In Georgia, where Mondale was supported by Coretta Scott King and State Senator Julian Bond, blacks cast 70% of their ballots for Jackson, 24% for the former Vice President.

In all three states, younger blacks were Jackson's most enthusiastic supporters. In Alabama, he was backed by 67% of black voters aged 18 to 49, compared with 45% of the over-50 crowd. In Florida, 68% of the vim-and-vigor vote went to Jackson while only 52% of older blacks did. "I didn't want to miss the opportunity of voting for a black man for President," said black Mechanic James Powell, 30. Older blacks took a more hard-nosed view. "I just don't feel Jackson can win," said Mondale Supporter Tom Thomas, 57, a retired truck driver.

The upcoming primaries in Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania will provide a tougher test for Jackson. Northern blacks traditionally are less swayed by appeals from the black church, which has been the power plant of Jackson's campaign. But after his impressive showings on Super Tuesday and in Saturday's Arkansas, Mississippi and South Carolina caucuses, the two front runners cannot take him lightly. Says black State Representative Robert Holmes of Atlanta: "Jackson's candidacy sends a message to liberals like Mondale that they will have to do more than mouth tokenisms."

In terms of delegates, Jackson does not figure to be much of a factor at the Democratic Convention. His influence will come from his proven ability to rally black voters. Jackson has already stated that he will support only a nominee who shares his opposition to runoff elections, dual registration and other measures that he feels undermine the Voting Rights Act and black political might. "Jesse is a power broker," says Ronnie Priest, 26, a black graduate student at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. "Hopefully, he can make the Democratic Party pay up front, rather than take a promissory note." ■

The candidate with his core constituency: a crush of well-wishers in Birmingham

Record turnout, a split with Mondale along generational lines, and a tough test up North.

Where the Candidates Stand on the Issues

	MONDALE	HART
ARMS CONTROL	Favors a bilateral freeze on nuclear weapons, a treaty banning the testing of new ones, an agreement on avoiding an arms race in space. Opposes build-down idea of removing two warheads for each new one deployed, because he feels it is at odds with the freeze. Advocates Senate ratification of SALT II. Wants to tighten controls on the export of nuclear materials. Urges treaties banning chemical and biological weapons if compliance can be verified.	Supports a modified bilateral freeze on nuclear weapons, allowing some modernization. Wants to reduce those weapons that are most destabilizing, mainly multiple-warhead, land-based ICBMs. Would rely more on submarines and bombers and would develop a single-warhead mobile ICBM. Supports a modified build-down concept. Would seek ratification of SALT II. Urges the tightening of nonproliferation controls.
FOREIGN RELATIONS	Calls for annual summit meeting between U.S. and Soviet leaders. Would use U.S. military force if necessary to keep oil flowing through the Persian Gulf. Would not change America's special relationship with Israel. Wants to maintain current U.S. troop strength in Europe.	Proposes a summit meeting early next year with the Soviet leaders. Would rely heavily on allies, and would limit U.S. involvement to naval forces in keeping Middle East oil moving, while promoting less U.S. dependence on foreign energy sources. Supports America's special relationship with Israel. Would reduce U.S. troops in Europe, asking NATO allies to fill the gap.
MILITARY SPENDING	Would limit the increase in the defense budget to 4% to 5% a year. Would cancel the MX missile and B-1 bomber, replacing them with the mobile single-warhead ICBM and Stealth bomber. Would increase the readiness and mobility of conventional forces. Urges greater use of competitive contract bids by the Pentagon.	Would give the Pentagon 3% to 4% more in funds each year. Suggests savings of $150 billion over five years by killing the MX and B-1 bomber; by buying more small, conventionally powered aircraft carriers instead of two new nuclear ones; and by replacing the expensive F/A-18 with F-16s, A-6s and A-7 fighter-bombers. Would spend more on the readiness and manpower needs of conventional forces.
BUDGET DEFICIT	Claims he can cut the current $200 billion deficits in half by 1989, even allowing for $30 billion worth of new programs. Would reduce military spending by at least $30 billion a year by then, trim $15 billion in annual health care and hospital costs, and save $10 billion through tighter management of farm programs. He would raise some $60 billion a year in new revenues by delaying the indexing of federal income taxes to inflation; capping Reagan's third-year, 10% tax cut at $1,100 for anyone with an income above $60,000 a year; placing a 10% surtax on incomes over $100,000; requiring all corporations to pay a minimum income tax of 15%; and tightening Internal Revenue Service enforcement.	In addition to military savings, would limit Reagan's third-year tax cut to $750 for all individuals, close some $15 billion in tax loopholes and defer tax indexing. Wants to reduce Medicare costs by encouraging non-hospital treatment, preventive care and use of health maintenance organizations. Emphasizes growth of the economy as a deficit-chopping tool.
CENTRAL AMERICA	Would tightly link aid to El Salvador to proven progress in land reform, a better judicial system and an end to death squads. Would stop U.S. support of rebels fighting the Sandinista government in Nicaragua, but favors the interdiction of weapons flowing from Nicaragua into El Salvador. Urges direct talks with the Sandinistas.	Would cut off U.S. military aid to El Salvador until death-squad activity stops and those guilty of murders are prosecuted. Wants to end U.S. support of the *contras* in Nicaragua. Would remove American troops from Honduras.
JOBS	Would pressure other nations to lower import barriers. Backs a "domestic content" bill requiring the use of American-made products in all imported autos sold in the U.S. Wants to eliminate the capital gains tax for those making new long-term investments in small businesses and to give tax credits to employers who increase outlays for the education and training of workers. Urges more federal support for science and research.	Advocates a complex reindustrialization program. Would provide tax relief to declining industries if management and labor agree to limit wages and prices; the tax break would provide reinvestment funds for those industries. Sees pension funds as a source of job-creating investment money for small new computer and other high-tech companies. Opposes legislation requiring U.S. products in imported cars. Urges an increase in Government outlays for research and development. Proposes joint employer-employee contributions to a fund for retraining workers in obsolete industries.

Fast Freights and Side Rails

In covering the race, the media play the "expectations" game

CAMPAIGN '84

ABC's Peter Jennings used two of them in an opening paragraph on Super Tuesday. So did CBS's Dan Rather. NBC's Tom Brokaw employed a couple of them too, and his colleague Roger Mudd followed with a whole string. The popular words and phrases were variations on that old stand-by of political reporting, the expectations game—this candidate did better or worse "than expected," that candidate "had to" win here or capture some specified percentage of the vote there—and they set the tone for the evaluation of the evening's results. In a nomination battle, especially during the early stages, the interpretation of who won is often more important than the numbing columns of delegate totals. Perception becomes reality, and that reality is formed for the most part by reporters, on television on election night and in newspapers the following morning.

For those who see the news media as unified into an almost conspiratorial entity, the commentary was confounding. On the crucial question of which candidate had the most cause to cheer, the networks could not agree even 24 hours later. NBC played the story on Super Tuesday night as a big comeback for Mondale. Brokaw referred to him as "alive and well tonight in this race." He was even a bit flippant about Gary Hart, comparing him to "this season's hit rock-'n'-roll single." But in its newscast the next evening, the network said, in a classic left-handed compliment, that Hart "can no longer duck the title front runner." CBS's Rather emphasized Hart's success on Tuesday evening. Using a convoluted train metaphor, he opened his report by noting that Hart's candidacy "keeps moving like a fast freight," adding that Mondale's "is off the side rails and is moving forward again." In his interview with the Coloradan, he asked, "In your heart of hearts, you now believe you have the Democratic nomination, don't you?" (Hart's answer: "No.") His question for Mondale: "If your candidacy is still alive, it's hanging on the ropes?" (Mondale's answer: "No.") CBS's newscast the next night was more evenhanded, with scenes of Hart and Mondale that both began: "The big Super Tuesday winner came to Chicago today."

The most influential print analyst, David Broder of the Washington *Post*, wrote of the early results Tuesday evening that Hart "kept his bandwagon rolling as the music continued to fade for his rivals." A few paragraphs later, he referred to Mondale's "crippled campaign." That stinging reference was dropped by the final edition, after vote tallies came in, and Hart's "bandwagon" was redefined as being limited to New England. Like the networks, Broder had difficulty incorporating late results from caucus states. As a result, the *Post's* Page One banner headline read: HART WINS 3, MONDALE 2. Hart took a copy of the paper, crossed out 3, wrote in 6½, and tossed it to Press Secretary Kathy Bushkin, saying, "Show this to [*Post* Reporter Martin] Schram."

Looking for certainty: Rather on the set

"Is your candidacy on the ropes?"

Still, the pundits seemed to agree on several criteria that may have appeared mysterious to the ordinary viewer. Hart, for example, was "expected" to win Massachusetts, according to all three networks, the implication being that his big victory therefore counted for less. Apparently he was also "expected" to win Rhode Island, a unionized and traditionally Democratic state that would seem to have been Mondale territory. Thus, to the pundits, Hart's major victory was in Florida, although his margin there was the narrowest in his three primary triumphs. In analyzing Mondale, the standards may have been a little more clear-cut: the networks and columnists, like the Mondale campaign, almost all emphasized Georgia's outcome as the yardstick of the former Vice President's performance. Said ABC Correspondent Brit Hume: "I wanted to be able to go on the air and report what the Mondale people thought it all meant."

The networks continued to forecast the outcome of races, often in advance of any actual tally, based on "exit polls" of people leaving voting places. While the real polls were still open, John Glenn was virtually decreed out of the race by reporters, including ABC's Jennings and NBC's Brokaw in live interviews. Said Glenn: "When you people make projections like that, it discourages an awful lot of good folks from going to the polls."

The exit surveys do serve a useful purpose: they provide information about the demographic profiles of the candidates' supporters. Some of the findings are instructive—that Hart's voters are younger than Mondale's, for example, or that 20% of Jesse Jackson's black voters had registered within the past several months—but the statistics belie the often impulsive, unarticulated motives for voting. Last week, in an effort to restore some mystery and fun to the electoral process, Chicago *Tribune* Columnist Mike Royko offered some advice to voters confronted by exit pollsters. "Don't give them one honest answer," he wrote. "When they ask you why you voted for Hart, say it is because he is so mature and serious that he reminds you of your grandfather. Or say you voted for Mondale because he reminds you of Johnny Travolta."

Perhaps the most controversial episode of the week was an interview with Hart in which Mudd belittled his victories, saying that Florida "is not a true Southern state" and that Hart was "not a national candidate yet." Mudd asked, "Why do you imitate John Kennedy so much?" And in his closing question, Mudd urged Hart to "do your Teddy Kennedy imitation." The interview prompted 240 telephone calls to NBC in New York, many protesting Mudd's "bullying." Said Mudd: "People have gotten so used to soft and pappy questions in interviews that when they hear firm and brisk questions, they do not know what to make of it." He added that Hart answered the questions ably—perhaps better than expected. —*By William A. Henry III*

Searching for meanings: Brokaw and Chancellor discuss results

Good Friends and Bad Memory

The Senate finds a few more questions to ask Edwin Meese

The Senate confirmation of Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese as Attorney General has suddenly shifted from a near certainty to an increasingly close call. Republican Strom Thurmond, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, had closed the heated hearings two weeks ago after four days of testimony. But last week he reluctantly agreed to Democratic demands that Meese answer more questions before the committee voted on his nomination. "The longer the issue accelerates, the better and better his chances of being defeated become," said Meese's chief opponent, Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum.

Why reopen the hearings? The key was a revelation in the Washington *Post* that Meese had failed to tell the committee about a $15,000 interest-free loan made in December 1980 to his wife Ursula by Edwin W. Thomas, a longtime California friend of the couple's. Meese had also failed to include the loan in his 1981 financial-disclosure statement, which was supposed to cover any large assets or indebtedness of anyone in his family. After the *Post* sought an explanation from him to include in its story revealing the loan, Meese hurriedly wrote a letter of apology to the Judiciary Committee saying, "I sincerely regret the oversight."

The Meese letter said that his wife had used the loan to buy stock for their children early in 1981 in Biotech Capital Corp., a firm headed by a colleague of Meese and Thomas' from California. But Meese also failed to list the stock holding, as required, in his 1981 financial-disclosure statement. He told the Judiciary Committee that his wife sold the stock on May 13, 1983, at a loss of $3,000 and repaid the loan at about the same time. Since the interest rate on a personal loan for the period was about 16%, the lack of interest charged over the 30 months was in effect a gift of more than $3,000.

In isolation, Meese's omission of the loan could have been considered as merely another example of his shaky memory. But the real problem for Meese was that the newly revealed loan seemed to be part of a pattern in which individuals who helped Meese financially landed federal jobs. Thomas, who had been assistant Cabinet secretary in California when Reagan was Governor, was appointed a deputy to Meese in the White House in January 1981 at a salary of $59,500. Thomas left the Meese staff in 1982 to become a regional administrator of the General Services Administration in San Francisco, a $69,600 Government post. His wife Gretchen was appointed on Sept. 5, 1982, to a $30,402 federal job with the Merit Systems Protection Board. They join a lengthening list of Meese benefactors who got appointive jobs from the Reagan Administration. They include:

▸ John McKean, a California accountant, who lent $60,000 to Meese in 1981 and demanded no interest payments for more than 20 months. McKean was appointed a part-time member of the Postal Service board of governors on July 31, 1981, and is now the board's chairman.

▸ Thomas Barrack, a California real estate developer, who found a buyer for Meese's California house in the summer of 1982, lent $70,000 to a prospective purchaser and then forgave the loan. Barrack was appointed Deputy Under Secretary of the Interior in December 1982.

▸ Gordon Luce, chairman of Great American Federal Savings Bank in San Diego, who was named an alternate U.S. delegate to the United Nations after his bank granted Meese mortgage loans of more than $400,000 and let him fall 15 months behind in payments without threatening foreclosure.

Meese has insisted in his confirmation testimony that his financial deals had no connection with the federal appointments (he is certain to be asked about Thomas when hearings resume) and has denied initiating any of the appointments. But he served on a White House committee that approved the appointment of McKean, at least, without disclosing the loan he had received from the appointee. Democrats are demanding that top Reagan aides be called to testify this week about how the appointments were made, but the White House says that it may invoke Executive privilege to block their appearance.

Critics on the committee have found Meese's memory troubling on the matter of memos addressed to him that referred to inside information from the Jimmy Carter campaign staff in 1980. The Judiciary Committee has received at least eight such papers from a house subcommittee that tried unsuccessfully to determine how the Reagan campaign team acquired documents used to prepare Carter for his 1980 debate with Reagan. Except for one of the memos he has been asked about, Meese has told the Senators that he has "no recollection" of having seen them.

Meese sought to defuse another issue last week by retiring from the Army Reserve. After two years on active duty and 25 years in the Reserve, Meese by February 1983 had been promoted to colonel and given a previously nonexistent assignment as a consultant to the Selective Service System. The procedure was criticized by the Army's inspector general as a violation of regulations.*

With opposition from the eight Democrats on the Judiciary Committee apparently hardening against him, Meese will have to persuade all of the ten Republicans to stay with him if he is to get a favorable committee vote. Two Republicans, Charles Mathias of Maryland and Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, have been among those urging Meese to explain more fully his financial dealings and to try to refresh his memory. "Mr. Meese has some questions to answer," said Specter. Meese, in turn, accused the Democrats of making "false and misleading statements" based on "election-year politics." At the White House, Reagan vowed to support his adviser. Asked if Meese's nomination was in trouble, the President responded last week, "Not as far as I'm concerned." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington*

The nominee and Wife Ursula with Judiciary Chairman Thurmond at hearings

The list of benefactors who got federal jobs was lengthening.

*Also involved in a controversy over his reserve status is Gary Hart, who never served on active duty. Hart was granted a Naval Reserve commission in December 1980 in the Judge Advocate General's Corps, even though he was over the standard age limit of 38. Many political figures, including Senators Barry Goldwater and John Tower, have served in the reserves, both for the prestige and for the increase in military retirement benefits.

Accompanied by the Vice President and congressional Republicans, Reagan announces cuts

Step in the Right Direction

Reagan and the G.O.P. agree, sort of, on shaving the deficit

Ronald Reagan, the archconservative, surely never imagined that as President he would wind up raising taxes and cutting the Pentagon budget. But he also never figured that his Administration would double the national debt in one term. Reducing the nearly $200 billion deficits has become urgent and politically unavoidable: last week the President finally agreed with his party's Senate leaders to slow the defense buildup and endorse a few modest tax increases. "For months the Administration has stonewalled on the budget," said House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "Today we saw the first crack in the wall."

The Administration bills the scheme as a plan to cut the next three years of deficits by $150 billion, or about one-quarter. In fact, Reagan had already provided for half of the total in his February budget proposal. Last week's plan would reduce the deficit by a further $75 billion, or 14%, over three years. It would result in a deficit in fiscal year 1987 of at least $143 billion; without the proposed cuts, the deficit would be closer to $200 billion—or more.

Just weeks ago, prospects for any agreement seemed dim. Meetings between White House aides and Democratic congressional leaders, in response to Reagan's call for a bipartisan effort to make a "down payment" on the deficit, came to nothing. The Democrats then started drafting their own plans to reduce the deficit. Some Republican Senators began doing the same, while insisting to Reagan that he would have to drop his unyielding opposition to defense cuts.

The severest G.O.P. pressure on the President was applied by a pair of key Western Senators: Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici of New Mexico and Appropriations Committee Chairman Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Their biggest dispute with Reagan concerned the Pentagon. Reagan had called for an annual defense-budget increase of 13%; Domenici proposed an increase of 5%. Both seemed adamant. "Nobody's moving the last few inches," complained a White House aide last Tuesday.

But John Tower of Texas, the ultrahawkish chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, had become a broker. "Tower got Reagan to come down, and he got Domenici to come up," says one participant in the discussions. "He made the deal possible." The bargain between President and Senators was cut last Wednesday afternoon in the White House Cabinet Room. Reagan made what he said was his final offer: a 7.5% Pentagon increase next year. "We're all supposed to be leaders," he told his G.O.P. comrades, among them Majority Leader Howard Baker. "This is a time for leaders to lead." At Baker's suggestion, the Senators held a 20-minute caucus in the Roosevelt Room. "Mr. President," said Baker when they returned, "we've got an agreement."

The new G.O.P. plan would shrink the deficit in all three ways possible: tax increases, domestic cuts and a slower defense buildup. Each area is allotted about a third of the $75 billion burden. Such "symmetrical" cuts, says Domenici, are "the only fair way to go about this." The tax hikes include 19% more on hard liquor (to $12.50 per gal.), doubling the levy on diesel fuel (to 9¢ per gal.) and restricting tax-shelter benefits. The cuts in domestic outlays would come from, among other places, entitlements like Medicare and from an across-the-board freeze in general discretionary spending.

The G.O.P. agreement glances over the most contentious defense issues—which programs to cut back for a three-year savings of $57 billion. Possible targets include procurement monies for the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, the C-5B cargo plane, a new Navy guided-missile destroyer, radar-laden cruisers and nuclear-attack submarines. Realistically, a few of those weapons might be cut back, one or two eliminated, yet the funds for all of them would have to be struck from the 1985 budget to save just $20 billion.

No doubt the rest of the plan will have to be refashioned to win Senate and House passage. "It's a movement in the right direction," says House Majority Leader James Wright, "and I welcome it. But it isn't enough." Administration critics argue that the three-way symmetry of the proposed reductions is unfair, since domestic budgets are already lean and defense spending is fat. House Democrats are working on their own ambitious proposal to cut the deficit by an additional $50 billion over the next three years and a companion plan to link every budget increase to a commensurate revenue increase.

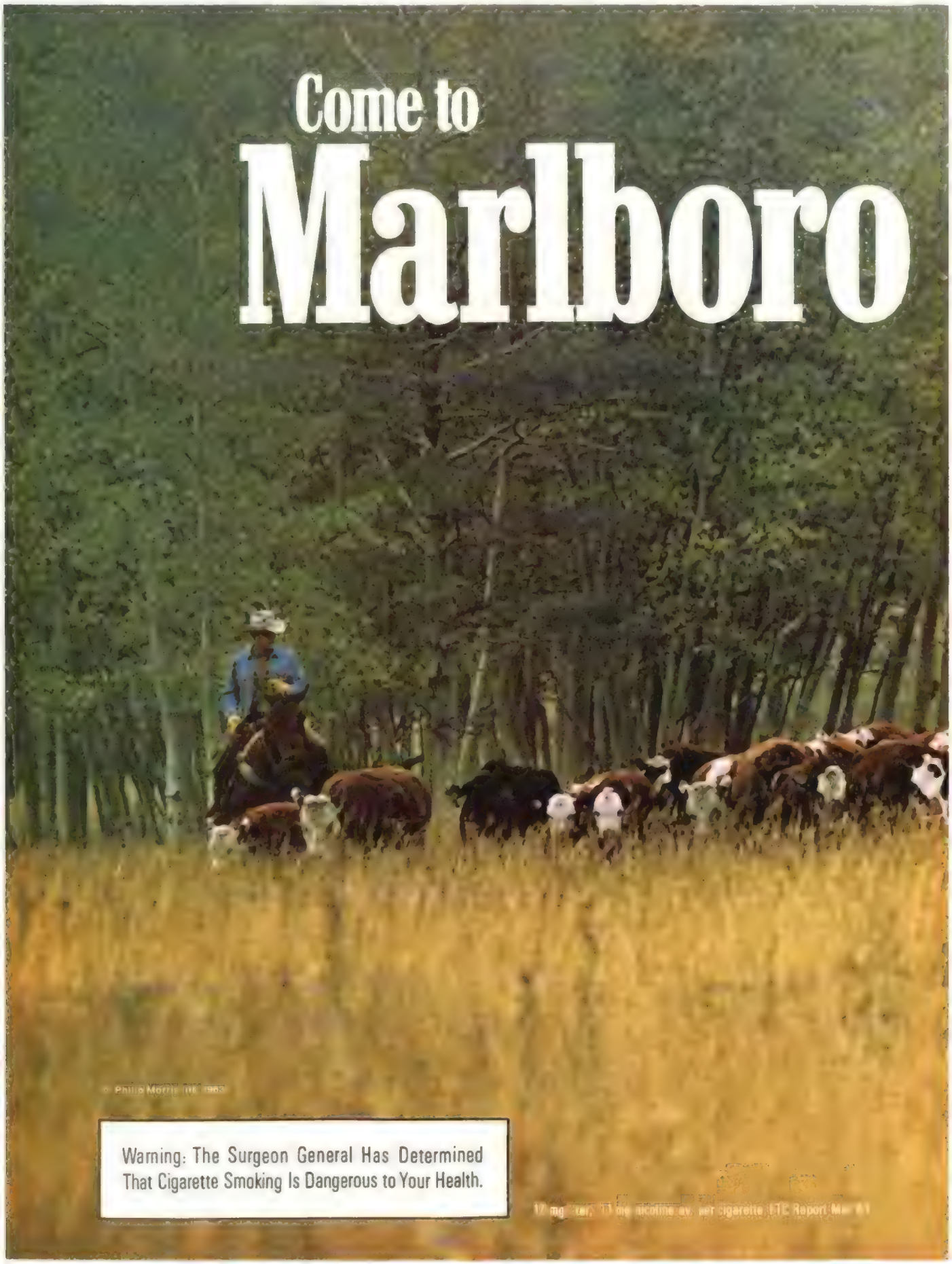
Will the deficit really be tackled? At least the Republicans have left their huddle and have their signals straight. Reagan made the fundamental compromise on defense. The congressional budget process is showing signs of life, even backbone. Senator Lawton Chiles, a savvy Florida Democrat, sensed a political opening. "If they've been able to save this much," he said of the Republicans' proposals, "we're gonna help 'em save some more. We're gonna hug 'em to death." ■

No Trespassing

An interloper is shot

The man walking along the sidewalk next to the 8-foot-high fence that separates the South Lawn from tourists and placard wavers seemed suspicious. When the Secret Service officers approached him, he allegedly reached into his coat and turned on them with a loaded 12-gauge sawed-off shotgun. One agent quickly drew his service revolver and fired, wounding the would-be gunman in the right arm.

The interloper, David A. Mahonski, 25, an unemployed electrician from Williamsport, Pa., was no stranger to White House guards, who had observed him on the grounds and questioned him earlier that week. In court, Mahonski burst out that he had "been down to the White House to ask the President to order the FBI to take that bug out of my ear." U.S. intelligence agencies, he rambled on, had planted a "bug in my ear that transmits everything I think across the country." The President, Mahonski concluded, "had certain elements of this society fill me full of dangerous drugs . . . that take my judgment like the Communists would, and ruined my life." Mahonski was charged with assault on a federal officer and sent to St. Elizabeths Hospital for a 30-day psychiatric evaluation. ■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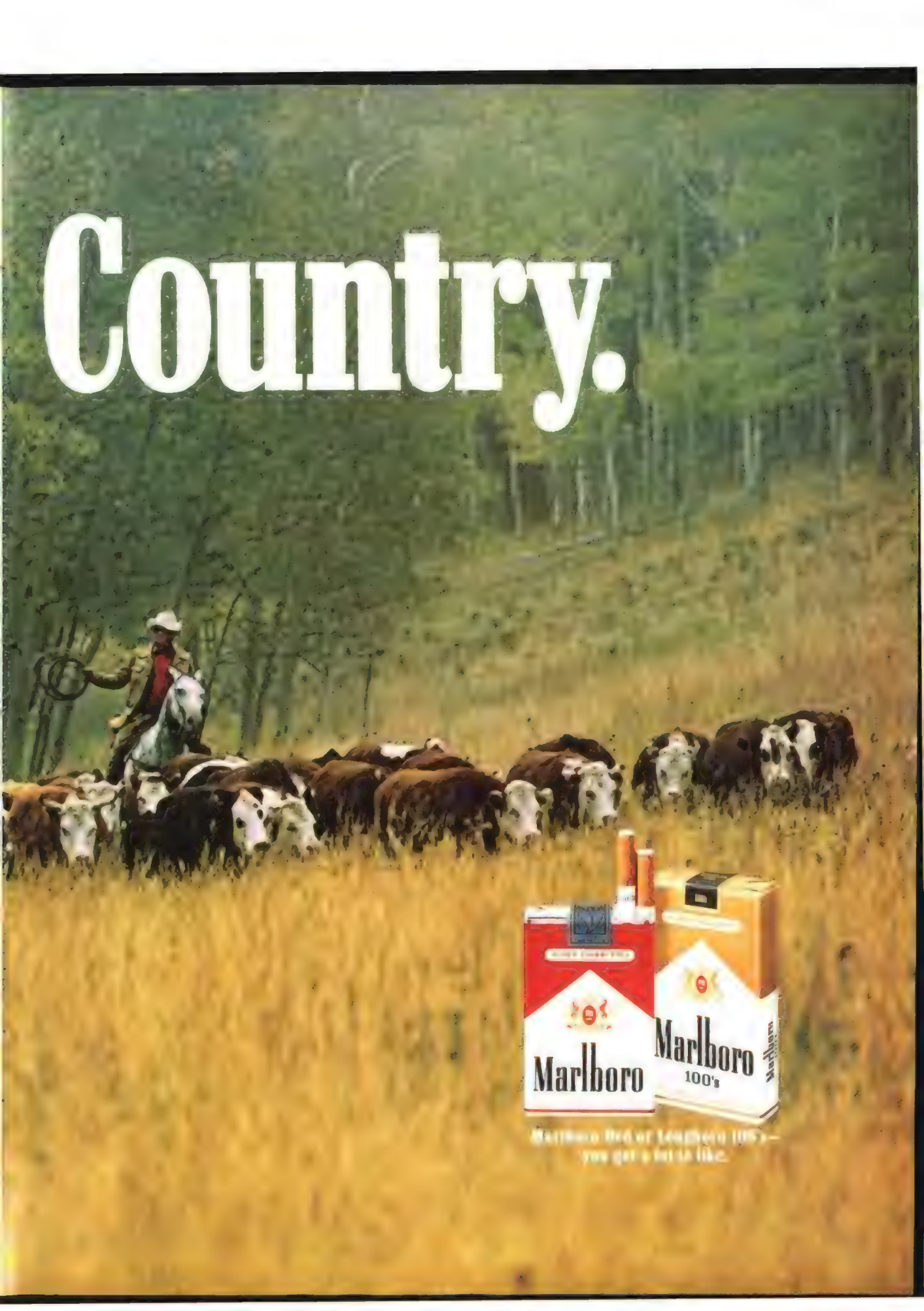


FIST by a K.O.

The feds reel in the fugitives

It was a gorgeous scam, simple in design, swift in execution. It worked like a dream, 65 times in ten weeks. The setup: a fugitive from justice in the Los Angeles area receives notice at his last known address that a package containing $2,000 worth of unspecified goods is waiting for him at FIST Bonded Delivery Courier Service. Curiosity piqued and greed aroused, he calls the number on the notice to arrange delivery. The number he dials happens to be a Marine barracks in Pico Rivera in Los Angeles County. The person he speaks with is working for the U.S. Marshals Service.

Marshal Larry Carter, in FIST disguise, with the van that helped trick fugitives

As agents handcuffed him, one felon screamed, "Hey, that guy had a package for me!"

The sting: a Ford van with a FIST Bonded Delivery Courier Service sign on its side arrives at the target's address. A maroon-shirted driver comes to his door and asks him to step outside to sign a receipt for the package. The moment the fugitive signs, confirming his identity, two teams of officers spring out of cars and collar their quarry. The scheme so surprised many of the arrestees that they could not immediately put two and two together. "Hey, that guy had a package for me!" screamed one of them as officers affixed the handcuffs while the truck sped off. Declared another: "You didn't have to be so mean, that truck was delivering me a package."

The delivery scam was part of an intensive man hunt that has swept California during the past 2½ months. Conducted by the U.S. Marshals Service and local law-enforcement officers, FIST (Fugitive Investigative Strike Team) netted 2,116 arrests. Most of the captured felons were being sought for violent crimes, and on the average each had five felony counts on his record. The criminals included 24 accused or convicted murderers, 39 rapists, 13 kidnapers and 272 robbers. Said Marshals Director Stanley Morris of FIST: "I cannot think of any more successful operation in such a time span."

According to Morris, 210,000 fugitive felony warrants are outstanding in the U.S. While crime rates in general may have dropped slightly, the number of fugitives has increased 17% in the past two years. Financial constraints, jurisdictional restrictions and limited manpower can prevent local law officers from actively pursuing fugitives. Police must concentrate on fresh crimes, the bank robbery or murder that has just been committed.

The California man hunt was a special project, involving 120 investigators, half from the Marshals Service and half from local police agencies. The 60 two-member teams were freed from day-to-day duties. Morris described much of their assignment as "plain old beating-the-streets police work." He attributes the lack of interagency bickering to the fact that the officers were tracking the habitual criminals who give the police and the public the most trouble.

The FIST operation was also cost effective. The Federal Government paid $1.7 million for the program, or about $800 per fugitive captured. Most of that expense might be made up by the arrest in Sonoma County of accused Drug Trafficker Rexford Andrew Ramsey, 42. Agents confiscated his Sonoma ranch, valued at $1.5 million, two properties in Miami, three Formula One race cars and $500,000 in cash. If Ramsey is convicted, the Marshals Service auctions off the booty and hangs on to the proceeds. ■

Miami's Verdict

An acquittal sparks violence

Weary Miamians had seen it happen three times since 1982: a black man is fatally shot by a white police officer, who is later acquitted by an all-white jury. Violence ensues. That script was followed inexorably last week when Luis Alvarez, 24, a Cuban police officer, was acquitted of manslaughter charges in the December 1982 shooting of Nevell Johnson Jr., 20, a Dade County messenger.

As the jury began its deliberations, police blocked off Miami's three mainly black communities with barricades. During the first two nights after the acquittal, random sniping, rock throwing and looting led to the arrest of 350 people.

Alvarez testified that he fired in self-defense when Johnson, who had a .22-cal. handgun tucked under a sweater, made "a sudden move." Prosecutors argued that Alvarez was never in danger and used a revolver with a hair trigger.

Almost as provocative as the verdict to Miami blacks was the speed with which it was reached: two hours, including time for a turkey dinner. Said Betty Harris, who lives near the shooting scene: "A verdict of this kind makes blacks feel they are not equal in any kind of way." ■

Boston's Honor

Paying a legal and moral debt

"I want to say we are very, very sorry for what has happened," Mayor Raymond Flynn told the quiet widow, "and this is a small way of the city meeting its legal and moral obligation." In the tiny kitchen of her home in Boston's Roxbury ghetto, Patricia Bowden accepted the check for $843,498.37. Thus, in quite a different way from Miami, ended a case of police use of deadly force.

Nine years ago, Bowden's husband James was mistaken for a grocery-store robber and was killed by two white policemen. A department inquiry cleared the officers, but Patricia Bowden, with the help of Local Attorney Lawrence O'Donnell Sr., sued for damages. After a three-year investigation that exposed a top-level police cover-up, a federal court jury awarded her $250,000 plus interest.

Collecting took another three painful years. Kevin White, who was mayor at the time, insisted that it was up to the police department to pay Mrs. Bowden. Commissioner Joseph Jordan refused, arguing lack of funds. When O'Donnell attempted to collect directly from the officers involved, the police force threatened to strike. Only after a book by O'Donnell's son Lawrence Jr. revived public indignation, and all eight mayoral candidates promised to pay the debt, did Mrs. Bowden get justice. ■

No Respect

At the U.N., few follow the U.S.

Which of these four countries cast the fewest votes with the U.S. at the United Nations last year?

a) North Korea
b) Albania
c) Mozambique
d) the Soviet Union

The answer is *b*, just one of the nuggets to be found in a statistical analysis, released by the U.S. Mission to the U.N. last week, of votes on contested issues before the General Assembly in 1983. Albania voted with the U.S. on only 4% of the votes studied; Laos, Viet Nam and Mozambique produced only slightly higher percentages. The study, requested by Congress last year, lends statistical support to the Reagan Administration's charge that the U.S. is isolated in an organization in which tiny nations that receive U.S. aid vote against it with impunity.

Last year the majority of U.N. members voted against Washington's position three times out of four. Among the rare reliable allies, Israel ranked first, siding with Washington 93% of the time, followed by Great Britain (84%) and West Germany (82%). Even within NATO, there were many partings of the way. Greece, for example, voted with its ally only 27% of the time. Other fair-weather friends: El Salvador (30%), Mexico (19%) and Zaïre (26%). Egypt, which receives $2 billion a year in U.S. aid, was at odds with Washington three times out of four.

Nations that profess nonalignment supported the U.S. only 19% of the time. Perhaps most disturbing was the fact that despite the Soviets' occupation of Afghanistan and their downing of a Korean passenger jet, the U.S. was the only major country singled out for criticism by name in the last session (in resolutions criticizing Washington's ties with Israel and South Africa). Such American isolation is hardly new, says Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. "The pattern of what might be called the U.S. in the minority," Kirkpatrick notes, "has persisted now for about two decades."

The U.N. itself disagreed, calculating that if unanimous votes are included, the U.S. is well within the mainstream, voting with the majority almost 70% of the time. Kirkpatrick concedes that there are many reasons for a country's vote besides East-West considerations. Says a Latin American delegate: "We're aware of the voting pattern. We're just not sure what the Americans want to prove."

To Kirkpatrick, the study reinforced her perennial plaint. As she said last week, "U.N. votes matter because they . . . affect widely held views about perceptions of power, about effectiveness, and about legitimacy." The Reagan Administration says that it will take U.N. votes into account when determining how to distribute foreign aid. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Bad News for the Doomsayers

Walter Mondale is a preacher's son from Elmore, Minn., who with little strain became Vice President. Before he began running for President, he made a million bucks in a couple of years for not doing much of anything. Yet when he looks out over America from the stump these days, he sees mostly desperation.

Gary Hart rose out of the dusty streets of Ottawa, Kans., survived the austerities of Yale's Divinity and Law schools, became a U.S. Senator, and is now a political legend-in-the-making, stalking the Mondale "juggernaut." When Hart mounts the campaign pulpit, he thunders often about a discouraged and crumbling America.

John Glenn, the plumber's son from New Concord, Ohio, became a world-class hero before he was 50 and a millionaire after 50 as a hotel owner and business executive. Before Glenn dropped out of the Democratic race last week, he frequently warned that the American people are frightened and hesitant.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Benefiting from the upbeat mood

Even allowing for the normal campaign hyperbole, this year's litany of despair about the U.S. is ridiculous. The material and professional attainments of the Democratic candidates disprove their own notions of national despondency. As they have searched for dark corners over the past months, often dominating the public dialogue, the American people were quietly going in the opposite direction. George Gallup a few days ago released a survey concluding that "the mood of the nation today is the brightest it has been in five years, with 50% now saying they are satisfied with the way things are going in the nation, compared with only 26% who felt this way in 1979."

No one, of course, can ignore the perils of the nuclear age or domestic problems like poverty, hunger and crime. But the candidates and their aides should at some point be concerned with summing up the whole. The presidency is macropolitics. The whole right now is pretty darn good by almost anybody's standards. As Horace Busby, who used to counsel Lyndon Johnson, said the other day, "What I have begun to hear in this decade is a wonderful chorus of celebration. Americans are newly proud of their country, they like their work, they feel good about themselves . . . a miracle is occurring before our eyes. We are becoming a new people."

Ben Wattenberg, another of Johnson's young brain-trusters, has a book coming out titled *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*. Using census data, polls and economic research, Wattenberg concludes that any way you measure values and quality of life, America comes out a "pretty strong and healthy society." He believes that programs like those L.B.J. started have done wonderfully well but that Washington, which needs despair to feel useful, refuses to see the successes clearly. "Back in the 1970s we went through a period of 'the carcinogen of the month,' from Love Canal to acid rain," relates Wattenberg. "All we heard about was the evils of Big Government and big corporations. Now we learn that during those very years, the life expectancy of adults went up faster than at any time in history. The image did not match the reality."

Maybe one reason those Democratic politicians are so sour is that they have heard the good news and know it bodes ill for anyone challenging the incumbent. For instance, John Naisbitt, the author of the bestseller *Megatrends*, is going around saying such things as "1984 has arrived just in time to witness an explosion of bottom-up entrepreneurialism and the dawn of an era that may offer our best hope yet for world peace."

If that is not enough to frighten a dour presidential challenger, then consider this Naisbitt depth charge: "As we enter 1984, no one has to be President. The American people are pretty much in charge of their own lives."

Fending off the guerrillas: members of a U.S.-trained Salvadoran infantry brigade on patrol in the department of San Miguel

EL SALVADOR

Making Martial Noises

With a presidential election next Sunday, the U.S. is taking no chances

Partisan clamor in Congress over the goals and methods of American diplomacy. U.S. warships hovering off a foreign coast. Growing American military activity in a tense region, a presence intended to shore up a beleaguered government in the midst of prolonged and bloody civil war.

All the elements of a familiar scenario were back on center stage of U.S. foreign policy. Not long ago, the setting was Lebanon. This time it was the scarred landscape of El Salvador. As it has so often before, the Reagan Administration was rattling sabers as a means of drawing the line against Communist expansion in Central America. The Administration's aim, paradoxically enough, was to focus attention on a supposedly peaceable watershed: the March 25 presidential election in El Salvador, a long-awaited contest in which the outcome is uncertain and the stakes are considerable. With the balloting only a few days away, the Administration was making martial noises in a number of ways:

▸ On Capitol Hill, the White House won a small victory in its ongoing battle with Congress over emergency military aid for the Salvadoran government, which is now in its fourth year of war against some 10,000 Marxist-led guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.). By a 16-to-13 vote, the Senate Appropriations Committee gave its approval to a $93 million aid package after President Reagan lobbied personally for the bill. At a White House lunch for Republican women officeholders, Reagan argued last week that without the aid money, "El Salvador cannot hold secure elections or defend" itself against the guerrillas.

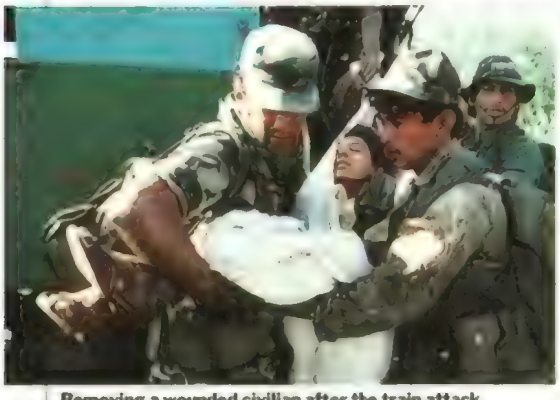
▸ In the Caribbean, the U.S. aircraft carrier *America* and three escort ships left port in the Virgin Islands and cruised toward the Central American coast, where they will take part in readiness exercises this week. The task force is smaller than U.S. carrier fleets that plied the same waters seven months ago on White House orders, but the intention is the same: to warn the Marxist governments of nearby Nicaragua and Cuba that the U.S. will brook no interference in El Salvador, particularly during the elections.

▸ In the airspace over northeastern El Salvador, U.S. OV-1B Mohawk and RU-21J Beechcraft reconnaissance aircraft based in nearby Palmerola, Honduras, are conducting discreet surveillance missions. The flights, manned by pilots from the U.S. 224th Military Intelligence Battalion, have been under way since last month. Supplementing similar missions by longer-range RC-130 reconnaissance aircraft from Howard Air Force Base in Panama, the flights are intended to help fend off an anticipated increase in guerrilla activity as the March 25 election approaches. For the Reagan Administra-

Government troops clambering aboard a helicopter gunship

Photographs for TIME by Jim Nachtwey—Black Star

Guarding the wreckage: a soldier surveys the aftermath of a guerrilla railway ambush



Removing a wounded civilian after the train attack

tion, the Honduras-based forays have another advantage: they do not violate the self-imposed U.S. limit of 55 military advisers in El Salvador.

▶ At Palmerola, 50 miles northwest of the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa, a remarkable transformation has taken place. TIME Senior Correspondent Peter Stoler first visited the installation last September. Back then, U.S. military officers stationed at the base gave free rein to visiting journalists and photographers. Now, reports Stoler, "the approach to the U.S. part of the base is guarded by large pieces of concrete sewer conduit, placed on the approach road to form an obstacle course for trucks that might be loaded with dynamite. The new public affairs officer seems dismayed that a reporter will ask him questions about the 224th Military Intelligence Battalion, a 300-man outfit that came here a month ago from Hunter Air Force Base in Savannah, Ga. The unit's compound-within-a-compound is surrounded by a triple layer of barbed concertina wire and decorated with signs that say in both English and Spanish that the area is not to be either entered or photographed, and that the use of 'deadly force' is authorized against anyone who tries to do either."

Attempts by Stoler to arrange interviews with the commanding officer of the 224th or with any of his men were greeted with consternation. So were efforts to inspect the unit's twin-engine OV-1B and RU-21J aircraft. Nonetheless, five planes of each type could be seen parked on the tarmac of the 10,000-foot concrete airstrip. Painted dull gray, with small black letters identifying them as U.S. Army property, the aircraft bristled with electronic equipment. Despite the official wall of secrecy, off-duty members of the 224th, drinking beer in a bar at the nearby city of Comayagua, confirmed their surveillance role in El Salvador. They disclosed that before a flight, some reconnaissance crewmen gather golf ball–size rocks, which they occasionally drop on rebels when they spot them. Said an OV-1B crewman: "It's a way of sending them a message. If we can hit them with rocks, we can hit them with other things any time we want."

The Palmerola base is only part of a new U.S. military establishment in Honduras, permitted under the terms of a revised military agreement between the two countries. According to Pentagon spokesmen, about 1,750 U.S. personnel are in Honduras, many of them holdovers from Big Pine II, the U.S.-Honduran military exercises conducted from August of last year until February. Yet another joint exercise, known as Grenadero I, is scheduled to be mounted in Honduras in June or July; Pentagon officials say that it will be smaller than the Big Pine exercise, which involved 6,000 U.S. troops.

The Pentagon also plans to conduct Emergency Deployment Readiness Exercises in Honduras. Men from units based in the southern U.S. or at the Army's Southern Command in Panama will be flown in. One such exercise will begin on Thursday—just three days before the presidential balloting in El Salvador. Predicts a U.S. embassy source in Tegucigalpa: "You're going to see some muscle flexing around here in the next couple of weeks."

However muscular that display, it can only underline the importance that the Reagan Administration attaches to next Sunday's Salvadoran elections. The White House is gambling that an increasingly skeptical Congress will agree that a successful vote is a substantial step forward by El Salvador on the road from military-backed despotism to civilian democracy. Put more bluntly, the Administration argument is that free, open and honest elections are worth defending: the choosing of a Salvadoran President for a single five-year term would give the White House a greater chance to unblock some $250 million in additional military aid to El Salvador that is stalled in Congress.

Ideally, Washington hopes for a repetition of El Salvador's electoral achievement of March 1982. At that time, according to Salvadoran figures, some 74% of eligible voters ignored guerrilla threats and cast ballots for a 60-member Constituent Assembly. Says State Department Special Adviser Otto J. Reich: "What we're supporting in El Salvador is a process—not an individual, not a party—to reverse the country's cycle of violence. If a person is elected who continues those reforms, then we would continue to support him."

Nationalist Republican Alliance Candidate Roberto d'Aubuisson

Christian Democratic Party Candidate José Napoleón Duarte

Washington has gone to great lengths to ensure that balloting in the seven-man presidential race will be honest and efficient. The U.S. Agency for International Development has spent $3.4 million, part of which was used to help the Salvadorans install an elaborate Wang computer system that can tabulate results and keep track of the birth dates, home towns and parental names of all 2.4 million potential voters. The system will allow refugees displaced by the civil war to cast their ballots anywhere in the country, an important provision in El Salvador, where voting is mandatory and where citizens' identity cards will be stamped during the balloting as a sign of participation. To allay concerns over stuffed ballot boxes, the U.S. has provided some 6,600 sealed receptacles made of transparent Lucite.

But the high-tech U.S. approach to the elections faces a substantial obstacle: Salvadoran reality. Whatever else the elections may achieve, they are unlikely to bring even a semblance of political harmony to the deeply divided country. As the end of the hard-fought, two-month presidential campaign drew near *(see following story)*, the front runners in the race were José Napoleón Duarte, 58, of the center-left Christian Democrats (P.D.C.) and Roberto d'Aubuisson, 40, leader of the ultrarightist Republican Nationalist Alliance, known as ARENA. Trailing behind, according to the country's unreliable opinion polls, was the only other possible winner, Francisco José Guerrero, 58, leader of the right-of-center National Conciliation Party (P.C.N.).

The Christian Democrats' Duarte is firmly identified with the notion of conciliation toward elements of the F.M.L.N. guerrillas and with such progressive measures as land reform and nationalization of the country's leading industries. His campaign platform promises a new "social contract" between the Salvadoran government and people, including support for collective bargaining, impartial courts and a restructuring of Salvador's brutal security forces.

By contrast, ARENA's D'Aubuisson promises to wage a war of extermination against the guerrillas and their supporters, and draws cheers from well-to-do Salvadorans by vowing to return already nationalized industries to private hands. To his lower-income countrymen he holds out the vague prospect of full employment (40% of the labor force is currently jobless), but offers few concrete proposals for attaining it. In a recent bid to modify his reputation as a leading force behind El Salvador's death squads, D'Aubuisson has taken to adding in speeches that "it is not right to take justice into our hands. We must stop that." By and large, however, he tries to explain away the right-wing killings as the misguided acts of a few patriots.

Despite their studied neutrality, U.S. officials are aware that a D'Aubuisson victory would in all likelihood spell disaster for the Administration's effort to pry more Salvadoran military assistance from Congress. The possibility of a Duarte win, on the other hand, raises the specter of a backlash from the death squads and a more rapid decline for El Salvador's battered economy. Says a State Department official: "Duarte's principal problem is the business community. He's got to earn their trust. He needs them."

Washington officials were facing up to the idea that the election might not be over on voting day. With a handful of splinter candidates in the race, it is probable that neither D'Aubuisson nor Duarte could win the majority of votes needed for immediate election. Under the presidential selection rules, such a stalemate would require a runoff election between the top two finishers next month. There was no predicting where followers of the other, mostly conservative candidates would throw their second-round support.

That prospect could hardly be described as heartening for U.S. officials, but some of them were taking consolation in the Salvadoran military's apparent willingness to accept the election result—even if the winner is Duarte, who charged the government with election fraud when he lost the 1972 contest to Colonel Arturo Armando Molina. An important reason for the military's new attitude, of course, has been heavy pressure from the Reagan Administration, backed by the certainty of a U.S. military aid cutoff if the soldiers try to overturn the election result. "The military leaders have said that they now realize their job is to stay out of politics and fight this war," says a State Department official. Declares the Salvadoran army chief of operations, Colonel Miguel Antonio Mendéz: "In my opinion, the word coup has to disappear from our vocabulary."

The guerrillas also claim to be following a policy of electoral noninterference, but for different reasons. In 1982 they suffered a major propaganda defeat when Salvadorans braved the guerrillas' campaign of intimidation and turned out to vote; guerrilla leaders have vowed not to repeat that mistake. Instead, they have apparently launched a spate of assassinations that have claimed the lives of at least four prominent conservative and right-wing leaders during the campaign. Among last week's targets were Héctor Julio Flores Larin, a P.C.N. representative in the Constituent Assembly, and Tito Adalberto Rosa, a campaign coordinator for the ultraconservative Salvadoran Authentic Institutional Party. Another victim of the civil war last week was Gamma/Liaison Photographer John Hoagland, 36, on assignment for *Newsweek*, who was killed during a clash between guerrillas and government forces about 20 miles from the capital of San Salvador.

The F.M.L.N. has continued its long-standing strategy of hit-and-run sabotage, showing increasing disregard for civilian casualties. In one of their more spectacular exploits, the guerrillas machine-gunned a train about 40 miles north of San Salvador; twelve civilian passengers were killed. Late last week the rebels announced a major offensive "to step up the war before, during and after the elections." In that case, the question of who will become El Salvador's first freely elected President in more than 50 years may make a big difference to the kind of help that the Reagan Administration is willing—and able—to provide. —*By George Russell. Reported by Ricardo Chavira and David DeVoss/San Salvador*

Democracy Among the Ruins

Citizens struggle with a turbulent campaign

In anticipation of the upcoming elections in El Salvador, TIME *asked Mario Vargas Llosa, the distinguished Peruvian novelist and critic, to travel about the country and gather an impression of the candidates and of the atmosphere. His report:*

In 1917 an earthquake left the city of San Salvador in ruins. The residential neighborhoods of San Francisco, San Benito and Escalón creep up the sides of a volcano, still challenging risk. The inhabitants—landowners, entrepreneurs, professionals, businessmen—have grown accustomed over the past decade to the hazard of assassination attempts and kidnapings. Their homes have been surrounded by high walls, barbed wire and searchlights, and the richest among them move about town in armored Cherokees, accompanied by bodyguards. These vehicles have come to be a status symbol, and Salvadorans laugh at the many parvenus who buy them not out of fear for the guerrillas but because of a desire to seem important. Most of the residents support the ultraright ARENA party, and the majority campaign actively for the candidacy of Major Roberto d'Aubuisson.

I was received by Major d'Aubuisson one evening after driving through a labyrinth of deserted streets escorted by armed men who announced our arrival by radio. Such precautions are not for nothing: D'Aubuisson got a bullet in the back during the 1982 campaign. Of the six people I found with him, three had been victims of assassination attempts, among them the vice-presidential candidate, Hugo Barrera, who was shot as he left his factory during a strike in October 1977.

Major d'Aubuisson is young, handsome, aggressive, with the aura of a playboy, indefatigable, and his speeches are interspersed with jokes and vulgarities. He does not know uncertainty. His ideas are utterly simplistic: it was President Carter who surrendered Nicaragua to the Sandinistas. Carter also prepared to turn over El Salvador to Communism, but "we stopped the conspiracy in its tracks." At the time, the major was an intelligence officer, and he claims he quit so he could "denounce the Communist plot." According to his adversaries, when he left the army he took with him the intelligence archives. Many people whom he accused of subversive activities, like Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, were later assassinated by the death squads.

When I remind him of these accusations, he becomes furious: "The death squads are people like you, like [former] U.S. Ambassador Robert White. They are everyone who helps block economic aid that would save the displaced from dying of hunger." According to D'Aubuisson, the death squads do not exist. What about the 1,259 assassinations that, according to the archbishopric, the death squads carried out in 1983? "Those are, perhaps, Salvadoran Communists who died in Nicaragua fighting against Somoza, and whose names are now exploited by disinformation campaigns."

Is it true, then, that no human rights abuses are committed in El Salvador? The major admits that, at times, "the relatives and friends of persons assassinated and tortured by subversives take their revenge. It is, of course, bad that this goes on. But it is understandable." And he counters, "Why did no one abroad protest when the Communists assassinated three ARENA congressmen? Are human rights a Communist monopoly?"

The major flatly rejects any negotiations with the guerrillas "because the Communists will not accept any agreement other than surrender." His idea of Communism is pervasive: it includes the liberals, the Social Democrats and, above all, El Salvador's Christian Democrats and their leader, José Napoleón Duarte. "That loco Duarte and his party are the political arm of subversion. Christian Democrats and the guerrillas represent two different tactics of Communism. The first one to get into power will call the other, and together they will give the country to the U.S.S.R." When I tell him that Señor Duarte assured me that "if ARENA wins the elections, they will get rid of us all," D'Aubuisson sneers. "They are scared to death because they know we are going to beat them." The words fear and guts are very important in the major's vocabulary. "The guerrillas' intention is to capture me alive. Two guerrillas who were in charge of kidnaping my mother and who now work with me have told me so. They will never succeed. I have six bullets in my revolver: five for my attackers and the last one for me." When I tell him that if he wins the elections, the U.S. may cut off military aid to El Salvador, he shifts his shoulders. "Then it will take us a little longer to defeat the Communists. But we will do it."

When I say that, in my opinion, Duarte is not a leftist but rather a centrist, he pounds the table: "The political center is like an anus: it is round and it stinks." His scatological images delight his audiences. He turns to me with a challenge: "I'll publicly bet you that I'll win the elections. If I become President, the penalty is you have to write a novel about El Salvador. If I lose, I'll give you one colón." The clear implication is that a novel of mine is worth 40 U.S. cents.

In contrast to ARENA, the Christian Democrats will get few votes from the urban bourgeoisie: the party lost support there with its reforms. The name Duarte moves Salvadorans to passion. Everyone speaks of him with hatred or devotion, never with indifference. And in general, the split in opinion coincides with the division of social classes. The upper classes attack him, while the lower classes defend him. His power is concentrated in the lower middle class and among the poor, especially peasants who benefited from the establishment of cooperatives and land distribution, measures that he promises to "consolidate" if elected.

Duarte, a founder in 1961 of the Christian Democratic Party and ex-mayor of San Salvador, has been in prison and in exile. He was tortured by the military. Unlike D'Aubuisson, he does not tell jokes or use dirty words. In a country where everyone preserves a sense of humor even when beset by the worst adversities, Duarte is always serious. He suffers from a chronic sadness, deepened these days by the recent death of his mother.

In his party headquarters, where he received me, it is also necessary to navigate past a barrier of armed bodyguards. "D'Aubuisson sees Communists under the bed, on the table, when he's awake and in his dreams," Duarte says. "His theory that the tragedy of El Salvador will be resolved by total war is pure demagoguery." Duarte does not enter into dialogue. He carries on a monologue. He represents, in Latin America, the most progressive trend of the Christian Democratic line. "An exclusively military solution to the war does not exist. It will have to be

> "Christian Democrats and the guerrillas represent two different tactics of Communism. The first one to get into power will call the other, and together they will give the country to the U.S.S.R."
>
> —Roberto d'Aubuisson

> "D'Aubuisson sees Communists under the bed, on the table, when he's awake and in his dreams. His theory that the tragedy of El Salvador will be resolved by total war is pure demagoguery."
>
> —José Napoleón Duarte

negotiated. But first we must fortify democracy, which is still in diapers, and accelerate the reforms that will deprive the guerrillas of popular support. When the people see that inequalities are in decline, that there is a President who demands respect for the laws, when the death squads have disappeared, then they will defend the system. Only then can there be negotiations and elections in which those who took up arms can participate. That is the only way to end the culture of terror." He raises his hands and says, "The people will vote for us because we have kept our promises about turning over the land to them and nationalizing the banks. These will be the cleanest elections ever. I am confident that I will be the first civilian President freely chosen in El Salvador."

In order to feel this "culture of terror," one must leave the capital and travel around the country, where the war dominates everything. The war is sometimes visible in the capital. (On the day of my arrival a guerrilla unit set fire to three gas stations; the night I left there were explosions in the streets.) But that pales in comparison with the countryside. "The subversives are in a position to strike any part of the country," says the Minister of Defense, General Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova.

From the highway, the people point to the hills where the guerrillas have their hiding places. At dawn one day earlier this month, some 200 guerrillas occupied the village of San Esteban Catarina, in San Vicente, about 25 miles from the capital. When I arrived there, prayers were being offered in the church for the return of 70 youths—between 13 and 21 years of age—who were carried off by the guerrillas. The local priest, Father René Valle, and several mothers tried to stop the guerrillas from taking the boys. "Before, they had many supporters here, and they didn't need to recruit people by force. Things have changed," says a villager. "I was one of those who opposed installation here of a barracks, to avoid abuses by the soldiers. The previous priest was assassinated right in the church. But now we are exposed to abuses by the guerrillas," adds Father Valle.

The fact that 200 guerrillas occupied San Esteban Catarina for four hours without encountering any trouble gives an idea of the insurgents' operational power. Barely five minutes away, in San Lorenzo, there is a military barracks where they were not aware or did not choose to be aware of what was happening. When I arrived in San Lorenzo, I was impressed by the youth of the soldiers. Some, really just children, were playing beneath the luxuriant ceiba tree that shades the main square. "In theory the recruits are not younger than 16," says General Vides Casanova. "But in practice there are many 15-year-olds."

The armed forces are hoping for a lot from the election: that, among other things, it will clear the way for U.S. military and economic aid. The same optimism is not to be found within the Catholic Church. María Julia Hernández, director of the human rights office of the archbishopric, doubts the election will bring a decrease in the crimes, tortures and disappearances reported to her office. She says that the majority of these atrocities are perpetrated by the security forces and the army, and only a minority can be attributed to the guerrillas. In 1983, she claims, there were 5,142 civilian victims of acts blamed on the security forces and 67 blamed on the guerrillas, a ratio of 76 to 1. In January and February, there was a decrease. But is not that just a tactic to create an illusion of authentic elections to please the U.S. and meet American demands? After showing me some gruesome photos of decapitated bodies, people missing limbs, others disfigured by acid—all the work of the death squads—the director says she is afraid that after March 25,

BOB NICKELSBERG

Novelist Mario Vargas Llosa in San Salvador

"Giving the vote implies a serious risk."

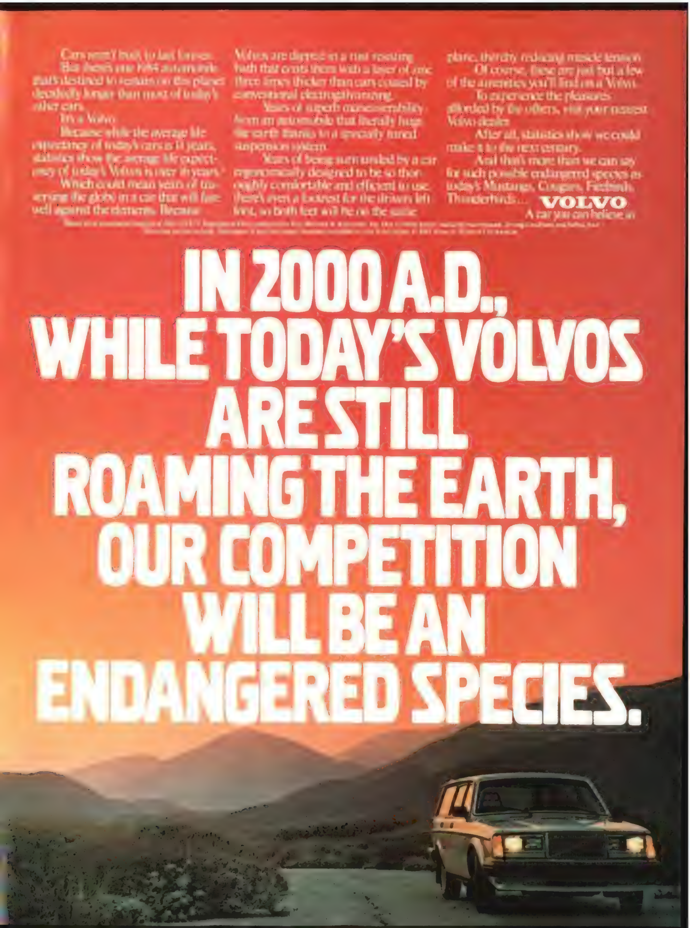
when the outside world's attention will no longer be turned on El Salvador, horror will again prevail.

Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas is less pessimistic. "The fact that the crimes have decreased over the past few months is positive," he says quietly. He confirms that the armed forces have asked the church to send priests to visit military command posts and give talks on human rights to soldiers and officers. "The origin of the revolution has its roots in tremendous social injustice. The violence will not disappear until that injustice is reduced." Monsignor Rivera y Damas does not possess the charisma of Monsignor Romero, but beneath his affable air and sleepy eyes, he is extremely shrewd. Many say that he has managed to unite progressives and conservatives in the Salvadoran church with his moderate position. His theory that only reforms will neutralize insurrection is quite similar to Duarte's. When I ask him if the elections will contribute to progress in El Salvador, he crosses himself: "Let's hope so."

What is the opinion about the elections among those who will not be taking part, the members of the *Frente Farabundo Marti para la Liberación Nacional* (F.M.L.N.)and the *Frente Democrático Revolucionario*—or, more simply, the guerrillas and their political allies? F.D.R. President Guillermo Ungo, whom I encountered on a flight from Amsterdam to Central America, told me the elections will be meaningless even in the event of a massive turnout. "Voting is obligatory, and the people know that if they don't have a stamp on their identification papers showing they voted, they will be considered subversive and therefore a target for repression. We don't say don't vote. We are limiting ourselves to explaining to the people that the elections are of no importance whatsoever."

Is it true that they have no importance? My impression is that the campaign is being carried out spiritedly in cities and towns—at times within sight of the guerrillas and under fire—in the newspapers, on television, on walls and roadside trees, painted with party messages. The campaign is more stirring for the upper and middle classes, but the poor are also involved, and everyone participating is doing so with total freedom of speech, lashing out at one another without mercy and at times ferociously, pushing opposing programs from the center left to the extreme right. The fact that the extreme left does not take part will limit but not invalidate the process. This represents progress. It is not fair to compare what is happening in El Salvador with political processes in Sweden or in Costa Rica, countries with solid democratic traditions. It must be compared with what occurred in El Salvador ten, 15 or 20 years ago. Now, for the first time, the country's right wing does not trust the army to defend its interests, but rather it is trying to win votes and take the first steps. Falling down is inevitable when one is learning to walk along the path to democracy.

Two leaders of the conservative National Conciliation Party (P.C.N.), Hugo Carrillo and Luis Lagos, recalled a conversation they had with West German parliament members visiting El Salvador. They told the West Germans: "Yes, it is true that our election is imperfect compared with the ones in your country. When you go to campaign in the small towns and isolated hamlets, you don't have to leave behind your last will and testament because that trip may be your last. Isn't the risk we run in this campaign proof of our democratic calling?" It is true. Asking for the vote, giving the vote, believing in the vote—all imply a serious risk. And hundreds of thousands of Salvadorans are ready to face it. A well-known Salvadoran intellectual, the poet David Escobar Galindo, said something that echoes in my mind: "It is great progress that for the first time in the history of our country, we do not know beforehand who will win the elections." ■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MIDDLE EAST

His Majesty Is Not Pleased

From King Hussein, an election-year setback for U.S. policy

If there was any doubt about the magnitude of the Reagan Administration's recent diplomatic failures in the Middle East, it has now been dispelled by one of Washington's best Arab friends, King Hussein of Jordan. The Administration had been hoping that despite the collapse of its policy in Lebanon, the U.S. might be able to encourage a round of peace negotiations between Israel and such moderate Arab states as Jordan and Egypt, and perhaps the wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization led by P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat. Last week, however, King Hussein turned thumbs down on any such initiative. In a stinging rebuke to Washington, the King told the New York *Times:* "I now realize that principles mean nothing to the U.S. Short-term issues, especially in election years, prevail."

At the heart of Hussein's concern, as always, was the continuing Israeli occupation of the West Bank. Said the King: "We see things in the following way. Israel is on our land. It is there by virtue of American military and economic aid that translates into aid for Israeli settlements. Israel is there by virtue of American moral and political support to the point where the U.S. is succumbing to Israeli dictates. You obviously have made your choice, and your choice is Israel. Therefore, there is no hope of achieving anything."

The Administration was caught off-balance by the King's harsh remarks, though he had reason to be annoyed at the moment: election-year politics has made the U.S. a maddeningly unreliable friend. The Administration has promised to sell Jordan 1,613 Stinger hand-held antiaircraft missiles and 315 missile launchers for $133 million. In addition, the White House has asked Congress to provide $220 million to equip Jordan with a mobile strike force whose 8,000 troops would be available for putting down trouble in the Persian Gulf states or providing swift defense should the Iran-Iraq war suddenly spill out of the gulf.

Hussein needs the equipment, but he also needs an indication that the U.S. is willing to stand by him, even in an election year, when politicians traditionally are inordinately sensitive to Israel and to its backers in the U.S. And sure enough, a considerable number of Senators and Congressmen have expressed their opposition to the military aid to Jordan, as well as to the sale of 1,200 Stinger missiles and 400 launchers to Saudi Arabia. In fact, one group of Senators has already drafted an amendment forbidding such sales. The amendment might be attached to one or another important piece of legislation pending in Congress, possibly the emergency African food-aid bill, which the Administration strongly supports.

President Reagan has tried hard to get the aid to Jordan approved. When Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was in Washington last November, Reagan asked him not to oppose the deal. The President last week told a Washington gathering of the United Jewish Appeal that it is in America's interest as well as Israel's to "help meet Jordan's legitimate needs for defense against the growing power of Syria and Iran." Publicly, Administration officials down-played the significance of Hussein's remarks; privately, they resented the King's timing and felt it would make the arms fight in Congress more difficult.

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Hussein and Reagan in Washington last month

"There is no hope of achieving anything."

Equally distressing, from King Hussein's viewpoint, is a drive in Congress to force the Administration to move the U.S. embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. That bill, pressed by Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, has already gained the support of at least 36 Senators and about 200 Congressmen. It is being sold to lawmakers as a triumph of political common sense: Why not move the embassy 40 miles to the city that has been Israel's capital since 1949, and by so doing gladden the hearts of Israelis and their American supporters?

The answer is that such a move would enrage the entire Arab and Islamic world, for which Jerusalem has deep religious significance. Relocating might lead to an outburst of Arab terrorism and anti-Americanism throughout the Middle East. One by one, Administration officials have come forward to warn against the move. Secretary of State George Shultz has cautioned that forcing a "precipitous transfer" of the embassy would be "damaging to the cause of peace." Former State Department Middle East Expert Harold Saunders told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that "the final status of Jerusalem must be negotiated by the parties with interests there, not imposed unilaterally by conquest." U.S. Ambassador to Cairo Nicholas Veliotes told a group of Senators that he hoped they would give him some warning before they passed the Jerusalem bill so he would have enough time to move himself and his staff out of town before the riots started. It is not inconceivable that should the bill become law, the U.S. would be obliged to evacuate embassy dependents from all Arab capitals. Because of the sensitivity of this issue, 44 nations maintain diplomatic missions in Tel Aviv, while only Costa Rica has an embassy in Jerusalem.

In addition to these U.S. domestic matters, Hussein and the other moderate Arabs are increasingly alarmed about the failure of American policy in Lebanon and the degree to which this may embolden Syria to strengthen its position at their expense. The Marines are gone from Beirut, except for a contingent guarding the U.S. embassy; a member of the embassy staff, Political Officer William Buckley, was kidnaped by three men at gunpoint as he left his apartment in West Beirut last Friday morning. Also gone, along with the Marine peace-keeping force, were the Reagan Administration's dreams of helping President Amin Gemayel rebuild his country. The leaders of Lebanon's Muslim and Christian factions met in Lausanne, Switzerland, for a round of reconciliation talks last week, but the only power broker on the premises was Syrian Vice President Abdel Halim Khaddam. In fact, the Lebanese representatives wryly referred to Khaddam as "the high commissioner," an allusion to the French official who ran Lebanon under a League of Nations mandate before the country gained independence in 1943.

In the elegant Beau Rivage Hotel on the shores of Lake Geneva, Lebanese leaders discussed their problems but had trouble agreeing on anything, including a cease-fire. On Tuesday, when the conference seemed to be ready to postpone that question and get on to other business, former Prime Minister Saeb Salem declared that his wife in Beirut had spent the previous night in a bomb shelter. He had no intention of discussing anything, said Salem, until the conference had at least agreed to a cease-fire. That evening, Salem got his wish. According to Beirut newspapers, it was the 180th official cease-fire to be declared in Lebanon since the civil war broke out in 1975. —***By William E. Smith. Reported by Roland Flamini/Lausanne and Johanna McGeary/Washington***

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POLAND

"The Church Strives for Order"

An embattled Cardinal Glemp opts for an accommodation

The evening Mass at St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw was jammed last week, but not just because of Lenten piety. The service marked the first formal appearance of Jozef Cardinal Glemp after his return home from a 27-day journey to Brazil and Argentina. The Primate of Poland was characteristically cautious on this dramatic occasion. Mounting the pulpit, he doffed his scarlet biretta and carefully positioned it alongside the microphone. Next he paused. Then, explaining that he wanted to share his impressions of South America with his 1,000 congregants, the Cardinal set off on a soporific travelogue that included even the climate and crops of the places he had visited.

The first part of Glemp's homily proved to be not only dull but strangely inappropriate. The Cardinal by chance had chosen an awkward time to go away. In the month that he was absent, the Catholic Church in Poland had suddenly faced its most extraordinary external and internal challenges since the end of martial law last July. Externally, the church once again confronted the government of Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski, this time on the removal of crucifixes from state-run schoolrooms.* Internally, the church was in considerable turmoil over Glemp's decision last month to silence, with a transfer out of the Warsaw area, a priest in an industrial parish who had been outspoken in support of the Solidarity labor union during its brief life. In the eyes of many Polish Catholics, the transfer indicated that the cautious Glemp was about to placate the Jaruzelski government.

In such a situation, the St. John's congregation expected Glemp would have to address at least the emotionally charged cross confrontation in his evening sermon. At last he did. The travelogue had droned on for 15 minutes when the analogy suddenly became unmistakable. Among the Polish emigrants he had visited in South America, the Cardinal declared, "everywhere beside the white eagle [Poland's national symbol] there is a cross. Nobody renounces either the cross or the eagle because they know that these two symbols, united for centuries, represent Poland."

So obvious was the reference that Glemp's listeners waited with anticipation. "The question arises," the Cardinal continued, "Who is offended so much by this cross?" It sounded like a challenge to the government, one that many Poles would gladly welcome. But Glemp had hardly raised the issue before he put it down. "We need peace," he said, centering on the Polish situation in general. "The church strives for social order and for a moral good. But the social order includes tolerance, which cannot be taught with intolerance of the cross in the name of secularity. The church will defend values in peace, looking for ways, however difficult, to get through." What Glemp seemed to be saying was that the Catholic Church, which has baptized 90% of the country's 36 million people and is the only force with the stature and immunity to stand up to the Communist regime, will seek accommodation rather than confrontation. Most Poles had hoped for more.

The Polish Primate delivering his sermon at St. John's Cathedral

If the Cardinal's flock was unhappy at his stands, the regime was not.

The Cardinal in his sermon did not broach his other problem, the transfer of Father Mieczyslaw Nowak from the Church of St. Joseph the Worker in Warsaw's industrial suburb of Ursus. The next day, however, Glemp held a 90-minute meeting with the banished priest as well as with representatives of nine of St. Joseph's parishioners who were fasting to protest the Cardinal's decision. Once again the outcome appeared to indicate Glemp's determination to coexist with the Jaruzelski regime. Despite the fast and the fact that many of Nowak's supporters are withholding contributions (total collection at one recent Mass at St. Joseph's: 64 zlotys, or about 60¢), the transfer will hold. It was undertaken, the dissidents were informed, "for the good of the church, the nation and Father Nowak."

If Glemp's flock was unhappy over his stands, the regime decidedly was not. The government was delighted to see the Cardinal on the hot seat for a change, fighting a two-front battle against disgruntled Catholics as well as the state. Addressing a party conference, Jaruzelski said that Poles need not choose between loyalty to the state and to the church, but he did concede "an obvious contradiction between our philosophy and systems of religious faith." He blamed foreign centers—presumably the Western press—for abusing "church politics for their own purposes." Government Spokesman Jerzy Urban gave foreign journalists deliberately smudged signals about what the regime would do next if protests continued over government orders to remove crucifixes from more schools, as occurred last week in the town of Mietno. Said Urban: "State schools in Poland were and will remain lay institutions. It therefore follows that religious symbols cannot be displayed. State institutions cannot be places of worship. The state does not try to secularize church institutions, and the church must not try to clericalize state institutions. Some overzealous people do not understand this." To make certain that the "zealots" understood, residents of Garwolin were informed that a detachment of ZOMO, the Polish riot police, had been put on stand-by near the town.

Caught between two pressures, Glemp may find himself in embarrassing difficulty. The hand-picked successor to the late Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski lacks Wyszynski's charisma and sure hand for balancing accommodation with the Communists with, when necessary, forthright independence. Some recent decisions of the Polish church, as a result, have been made not by Glemp alone but by a council of the episcopate that includes Cracow's Franciszek Cardinal Macharski and seven senior bishops. The council's communal decisions could yet become more defiant toward the regime than Glemp would like. —***By Spencer Davidson. Reported by John Moody/Warsaw***

*Poland, despite its overwhelming Catholic population, has no tradition of school prayers. But, except for a brief Stalinist antireligious period following World War II, crucifixes supplied by various sources have been classroom fixtures.

SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Winds of Peace

A new treaty raises hopes, questions and American prestige

The moment guaranteed high political drama, and the setting did it full justice. On a remote strip of bush along the border between their two countries, with the Lebombo mountains as a backdrop and hippos snorting in the nearby Nkomati River, Prime Minister P.W. Botha of apartheid South Africa and President Samora Machel of black-ruled, Marxist Mozambique last week sat down together for the first time and faced something other than the prospect of killing. As a crowd of 1,000, including representatives of black African states, watched from the tiers of a hastily constructed grandstand near the border town of Komatipoort, Botha and Machel bent over a tamboutiwood table to sign a nonaggression and good-neighborliness treaty, then smilingly exchanged their gold Parker pens. Declared Botha: "In signing this agreement today, we have opted for the road of peace." He added, "Our task now is to return to work and do all we can to ensure that historians will rank today as a major turning point in the destiny of our subcontinent."

In the border town of Komatipoort, Samora Machel, left, and P.W. Botha shake hands over pact

After years of grinding conflict, the region's combatants finally seek tranquillity.

Even without such lofty words, the new treaty would have been reason enough for hope in Southern Africa. Calling for renunciation of the use of force by both sides and forbidding the support of guerrilla groups hostile to either government, the accord may mark the end of nearly a decade of increasing enmity between the two neighboring countries, each of which has accused the other of encouraging attacks by insurgent groups. Moreover, as Machel and Botha shook hands, there were indications that after decades of ruinous skirmishing between white-ruled South Africa and black nations close by, winds of peace were sweeping through the rest of the region as well.

To the north, in Angola, South African troops were withdrawing from a five-week offensive against guerrilla bases of the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), following the negotiation of a joint South African–Angolan disengagement agreement. That had opened the door to a once inconceivable breakthrough in Southern Africa's knottiest diplomatic problem: achieving independence for the South African–controlled territory of Namibia. The developments were a sorely needed foreign policy victory for the Reagan Administration. After three years of deep involvement in all of the negotiations, the U.S. policy of "constructive engagement," or soft-spoken diplomacy with South Africa, appeared to be vindicated.

The infectious new mood of reconciliation followed suddenly upon a series of peace-negotiation failures. After nearly 18 years, the war between South Africa and a handful of black guerrillas intent on liberating Namibia, held by South Africa in violation of a United Nations ruling, had vastly broadened in scope. The presence of the guerrilla SWAPO bases on its territory brought Angola into the fray, and that led South Africa to retaliate with periodic raids and support for the pro-Western rebel National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). Lately, the painstaking negotiations for Namibian independence, calling for U.N.-supervised elections, have become deadlocked. The problem was a demand by South Africa and the U.S. that the elections be linked to the withdrawal of some 25,000 Cuban troops and advisers long based in Angola for the purpose of propping up that country's fragile Marxist regime.

Many years of grinding conflict, however, seem to have left all the combatants ready to think about peace. After serving for so long as a base for the sabotage attacks on South African targets by the militant African National Congress, Mozambique increasingly feared retaliation by South Africa; on top of that, the country had been weakened by a severe drought. Marxist Angola, under siege by UNITA, saw the wisdom of compromise following consistently heavy losses during South African raids. But South Africa, too, has been drained by constant war. Namibia alone costs South Africa $1 billion annually, some 6% of the national budget. The continuing toll of casualties has dismayed the public, and pressure from abroad for Namibia's independence has been intense. Said a senior Western diplomat: "The disincentives for continuing the war appear to exceed the incentives for carrying on."

But if circumstances made peace thinkable at last, much of the credit for recent progress belongs to the U.S. and its chief negotiator, Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. On the theory that public castigation of South Africa had failed to bring change, the Reagan Administration in 1981 adopted a policy of behind-the-scenes negotiation that seems to have paid off, at least for now. Says a senior U.S. official: "We are the only mediator who talks to everyone."

After months of groundwork, negotiations came to a head last November. Following a meeting with Machel in the Mozambique capital of Maputo, Crocker's deputy, Frank Wisner, flew to South Africa with a message for Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha: the time was ripe for bilateral talks with Mozambique. The discussions set in motion the exchange that led to last week's formal accord.

Then, on Dec. 6, Crocker met with Pik Botha in a Rome hotel room, this time to discuss Angola and Namibia. In a vigorous all-day session, Crocker convinced the South African leader that a pullout of his country's forces in Angola could lead to a cease-fire, paving the way for a Namibian settlement. Meanwhile, in meetings on the Cape Verde Islands, Wisner won agreement from Angola that in return it would restrain further SWAPO attacks. As the disengagement went into effect in February, a team of U.S. observers was sent to the Namibian capital of Windhoek to monitor the progress. So far, the cease-fire seems to be holding.

These moves have yielded an unprecedented climate of confidence, but the biggest hurdle remains: achieving a political settlement for Namibia. The Cuban

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This is, in fact, the beginning.

withdrawal from Angola, which South Africa insists on as a condition for independence, seems unlikely to be met, however, until the Angolan government finds some way of defusing the UNITA threat. Recently, U.S. diplomats have voiced cautious optimism, claiming that the Angolans are beginning to recognize that UNITA must be given a political voice in the government.

If the way is eventually cleared for free elections in Namibia, black rule is certain to be the choice of its 1.2 million people, 85.7% of whom are black. Are South Africa's ruling whites willing to allow that development, which would create an unbroken arc of black-ruled states along their border? The answer at the moment appears to be a qualified yes.

In part, the new confidence seems to stem from victories by Prime Minister Botha over hard-liners, including a constitutional reform that will give a measure of legislative power to Indians and mixed-race citizens. South Africa, says Ambassador to Washington Brand Fourie, may be embarking on "a new era of realism."

Nonetheless, South Africa's true intentions may still be in doubt. Just when Pretoria seemed in rare harmony with its black foes, Pik Botha last week unexpectedly offered a totally new proposal calling for a comprehensive conference aimed at resolving at once all the complex interlocking disputes over Namibia. The initiative has caused deep apprehension among other negotiating parties, who strongly suspect that the plan amounts to a South African ploy to sidestep U.N. supervision of Namibian independence. Caught by surprise, nervous State Department officials are unsure whether South Africa means to sabotage the peace effort or to advance it. Says one analyst: "We're keeping our fingers crossed."

Even if South Africa does come to terms with its black neighbors, there is no certainty that peace will hasten the end of its internal policies of racial discrimination. Unquestionably, the new pacts with Mozambique and Angola will deprive black revolutionary movements of bases near South Africa, dealing a heavy blow to their ambitions for fundamental change inside the country. "Peace and apartheid colonialism," seethed the African National Congress in response to the Mozambique accord, "are inherently mutually exclusive." But others point out that reduced tensions can only encourage accommodation by the white minority. U.S. officials, for their part, claim that Washington maintains constant pressure on Pretoria to end apartheid. Said a top State Department official: "We have been credible and firm in insisting that reform must come." In the end, the two objectives of internal and external peace may be inseparably linked. *—By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Marsh Clark/Komatipoort and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

SCHWARZ—CANAPRESS

Announcing for the Liberal leadership race

CANADA

Turner's Turn

Out front for Trudeau's job

Ever since John Turner abruptly resigned as Pierre Trudeau's Finance Minister in 1975 and gave up his seat in Parliament a few months later, Canadians have suspected that the photogenic Toronto lawyer was only waiting for the right moment to make his comeback. That opportunity came when Trudeau announced late last month that he was retiring after nearly 16 years as Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal Party. Last week Turner, 54, announced his candidacy for the party leadership. Said he: "I have both the experience and the toughness to govern, tempered with compassion."

Six Trudeau Cabinet members promptly gave Turner their support, and even opponents concede that he will be tough to beat. Still, Turner faces stiff competition from several seasoned Liberals, all talking trendily of "fresh approaches" and "a fresh agenda for the new times." The other contenders include Donald Johnston, 47, Economic and Regional Development Minister; Mark MacGuigan, 53, Justice Minister; and John Roberts, 50, Employment and Immigration Minister. Turner's toughest challenge could come from Minister of Energy Jean Chrétien, 50, a popular Quebecker who will announce his candidacy this week.

Turner's chances will turn on his performance in a series of Liberal debates over the next three months. Having avoided the press for nearly nine years, he was clearly anxious last week to fill in some of the gaps. He discussed his chairmanship of two troubled venture-capital companies and cited unemployment, rather than inflation, as Canada's "major economic and social problem." He also said he would seek to lower the country's $24 billion budget deficit, though not by slashing social welfare programs. As for those who promise such bromides as "new ideas" and "fresh approaches," Turner warned that "there's no quick fix." ■

NORTHERN IRELAND

Tit for Tat

Sinn Fein's leader is shot

When gunfire ripped through downtown Belfast last week, office workers on their lunch break responded with weary resignation, learned from years of living dangerously. For twelve days Irish Republican Army terrorists had gone on a shooting spree, gunning down five people. By the grim rules of Northern Ireland's religious warfare, it was time for militant Protestants to strike back. Still, when the counterattack came, it proved to be more than the usual random raid against Roman Catholics. This time the Protestants' target was Gerry Adams, 35, president of Sinn Fein, the I.R.A.'s political arm, and the leading voice in support of the terrorist organization.

Adams also happens to hold a seat, which he has refused to occupy, in the British Parliament. He had left the Catholic stronghold of West Belfast to appear in court on a charge of disorderly conduct, stemming from the parliamentary election campaign. The Sinn Fein leader and four followers were driving through the city center when three men in a light brown Rover pulled up alongside and opened fire with automatic weapons. Three bullets struck Adams in the left arm and upper back. Three other people in the car were wounded, including the driver, who still managed to speed Adams to the hospital. At week's end the Sinn Fein leader appeared to be out of danger. Police arrested three of his alleged attackers barely 300 yards from the scene of the crime. The Ulster Freedom Fighters, an extremist Protestant paramilitary group, later claimed responsibility for the attack.

PAT MAXWELL

Gerry Adams

The new I.R.A. shooting binge and the Protestant counterattack all but overshadowed a guardedly optimistic report, released last week by Ulster's chief constable, showing that terrorist incidents in 1983 had dropped to the lowest point since 1970. Events in Ulster also threatened to set back the efforts of Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald to gain support for a power-sharing scheme that would give Britain and Ireland joint responsibility for the troubled region. On a state visit to Washington last week, the Irish leader urged Americans not to make "common cause for any purpose, however speciously well meaning, with people who advocate or condone the use of violence in Ireland for political ends." One of those people, Dominic "Mad Dog" McGlinchey, 29, Ireland's most wanted terrorist, was captured after a shootout with police near Shannon Airport on St. Patrick's Day. ■


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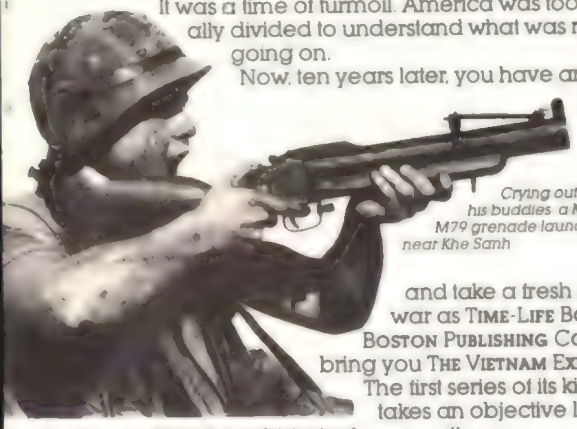

Crying out a warning to his buddies, a Marine fires his M79 grenade launcher at a hill near Khe Sanh

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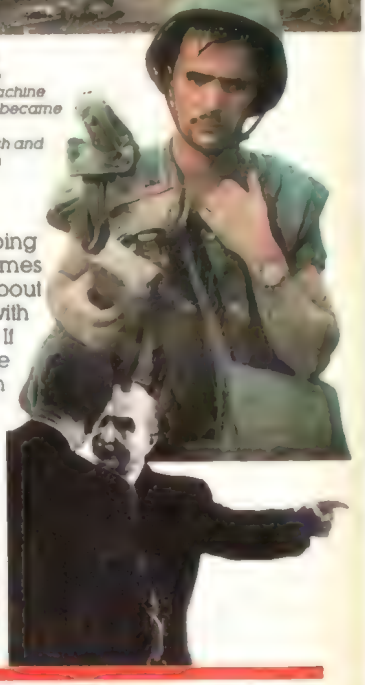
Above: *Taped for security measures, this captured Vietcong guerilla awaits his fate*
Above right: *Armed with rocket pods, machine guns and grenades, the Huey helicopter became the symbol of the Vietnam War*
Right: *A heavily laden soldier on a search and destroy mission in the DMZ. Soon all South Vietnam became a battleground*



Right: *Senator Wayne Morse confronts LBJ warning that the senators who voted for the Tonkin Gulf Resolution would "live to regret it"*

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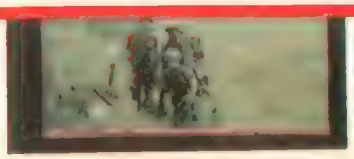

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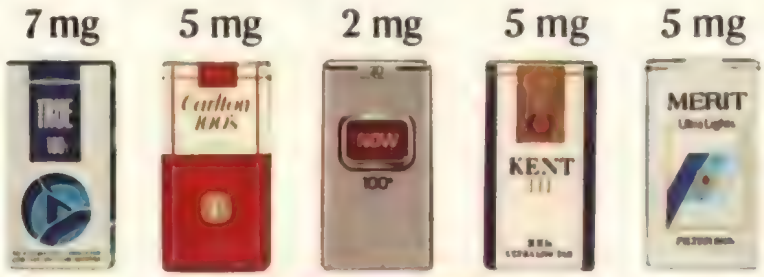

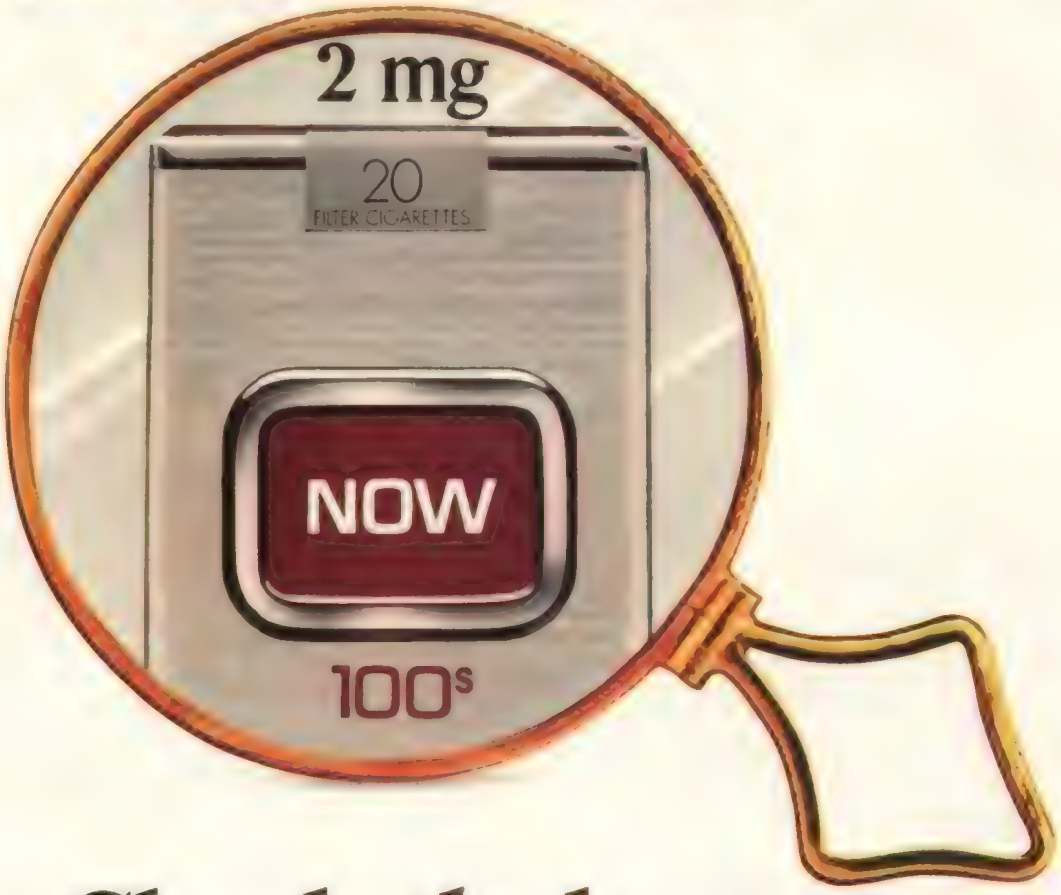

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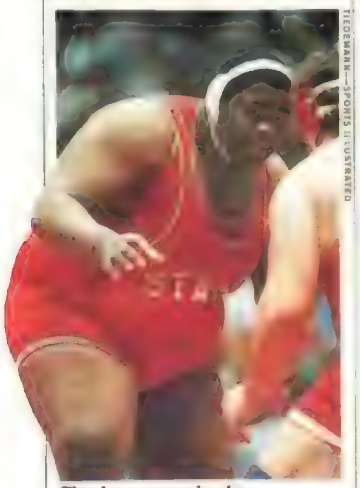


Thacker: a growing boy

He is inarguably the biggest man on campus, and who would want to argue with him anyway? North Carolina State University Senior **Tab Thacker,** 22, packs 447½ lbs. into a frame that is 58 in. (chest) by 54 in. (waist) by 77 in. (height). "I never eat a whole lot at a time, but I eat continuously," he explains. Thacker is almost as able-bodied as he is awesome. An All-America collegiate wrestler, he is fresh from pinning down the N.C.A.A. heavyweight title with his 31st consecutive win of the year. His next goal is the Olympics. "I'd like to be the best heavyweight wrestler in the world," he says. He already may be the largest college grappler of all time—past, present and even future. Starting in 1986, the N.C.A.A. will ban any wrestler who weighs more than 275, to reduce the risk of injury. Off the mat, though, Thacker maintains he is really a gentle giant. Says he: "I have a 400-lb. body and a 500-lb. heart."

■

Each of them was the **Marilyn Monroe** of her day, so Photographer **Richard Avedon** was assigned to shoot the real Marilyn posing as Theda Bara, Clara Bow, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Harlow and Lillian Russell for a 1958 spread in LIFE. Later, Avedon mislaid the negatives. Then, last December, as he was unpacking books in the library of his new home at Montauk, N.Y., out plopped the photos. He was not so fond of the Dietrich on second viewing, but the four others still charmed him, and he is issuing them as posters at $100 a set ($200 signed). The pictures will be reintroduced next month at Artexpo NY in Manhattan. For Avedon, the memory of photographing a legend was never lost, however. "We worked only at night for over a month," he recalls. "She was relentless and always beyond my imagination."

■

Dorothy and Toto will be somewhere over the rainbow again, and so will the Scarecrow, the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion. But *OZ*, which is now shooting in London, will be neither a musical nor a faithful retelling of the 1939 classic that starred **Judy Garland.** Based upon three of the books by Oz Creator **L. Frank Baum,** the $20 million "live-action adventure fantasy" promises to be something of a *Star Woz*, with veterans of that more modern epic creating special effects and producing the movie for Walt Disney. ("Toto, I *really* don't think we're in Kansas any more.") Dorothy will be played by **Fairuza Balk,** 9, a Vancouver schoolgirl who emigrated to Canada from her native California. There will be a host of new characters, including Tik Tok the robot and Billina the talking hen. Sounding already like a seasoned pro, Balk is not brought up short in the least by the prospect of filling Garland's ruby slippers. "I am Dorothy," she says. "I saw the film. Judy Garland was in one of my dreams and said to me, 'This part was mine. I know you'll play it well.'"

■

Watching the boss do the hula is a far shake from the typical corporate incentive plan, but it was motivation enough for the 65,000 employees of Wal-Mart Stores, a discount retail chain. Last year Billionaire Wal-Mart Chairman **Sam Walton,** 65, was told the company was aiming for a pretax profit of at least 8% (3% is the industry average). "You'll never do it," he told employees. "If you do, I'll do the hula on Wall Street." Well of course they did, and "no one forgot the promise," notes Walton. Which is why, despite blustery, 29° weather last week in Manhattan, there on the steps of the Merrill Lynch building was a wiry gent from Arkansas in a blue suit putting on a raffia hula skirt and leis. "I'm freezing," said Walton. "But how can I avoid doing it now?" Though the word undulate had obviously never before crossed his hips, he drew a deep breath and paid his debt with a performance that can only be praised as fair and square. So far, Walton has refrained from making promises for next year. —*By Guy D. Garcia*

The once and future legend: M.M. vamping it up in 1958

Return of the yellow brick road: Balk with Billina in *OZ*

Walton: grass-roots manager

W. CLAY SHAW

General Electric: a technician monitors dishwasher production on a console, part of a $38 million complete plant renovation in Louisville

Economy & Business

Manufacturing Is in Flower

After years of neglect, America's factories are taking on a fresh allure

"Nothing runs like a Deere," goes the slogan of the world's largest maker of farm equipment. These days, industrial engineers are changing that to "Nothing runs like a Deere factory." In its new plant on the northeast edge of Waterloo, Iowa, Deere is using computer-controlled assembly techniques to turn out a score of tractor models, bearing as many as 3,000 options, without costly plant shutdowns for retooling. The factory seems to be making a difference in Deere's profits. While sales rose slightly because of a strengthening farm economy, earnings during the last three months of 1983 were $2 million, *vs.* a loss of $28.5 million a year earlier. The company credited the improvement largely to "increased efficiency and cost reductions in North American manufacturing operations."

As modern as it is, though, the Deere factory can hardly compare with the frontier-breaching printed-circuit-board plant of AT&T Technologies in Richmond, Va. There computers receive complex instructions from a dozen Bell Laboratories design centers scattered throughout the U.S. The instructions are then used to turn out on demand a limitless variety of circuit boards containing hundreds of parts. The operation is so smooth that AT&T can change designs overnight without interrupting production.

The Deere and AT&T plants represent the new pizazz in American manufacturing. Long U.S. industry's neglected stepchild, subordinated to finance and marketing, the process of making products is suddenly coming into its own, commanding more and more attention from company executives. Firms are pouring money into new manufacturing facilities and stocking them with such advanced equipment as computer-driven robots, lasers and ultrasonic probes. Last week the Commerce Department reported that U.S. business plans to spend $344 billion on new plant and equipment this year, up 12% from 1983. That is the biggest annual increase in 17 years.

The renewed focus on manufacturing is far from voluntary. It was forced on corporations by two withering recessions in the past decade and an influx of cheaper and frequently better-made foreign goods. It was prompted too by sluggish productivity. While U.S. factories still outproduce those of any other country in the world, the average annual increase in productivity has slipped to less than 2% since 1973, down from 3% in the two decades after World War II. In Japan manufacturing efficiency has been increasing 7% per year, while in West Germany it has grown more than 4%.

A large part of the new U.S. investment is going not into construction of new plants but into improving manufacturing technology at old ones. In Louisville, for example, General Electric has invested $38 million to modernize an outdated dishwasher factory. Central computer panels, sometimes monitored by just one person, check the full range of production and part supplies. The manufacturing process is carried out with a precision that cuts down on waste of materials like sheet steel, plastic and rubber hose. Controls can be quickly reprogrammed to make any of 15 dishwasher models.

In California, Apple Computer is turning out its new Macintosh machines in a $20 million factory in Fremont that has even experts astonished. Several weeks away from completion, the plant will be able to produce a Macintosh, with its 450 parts, every 27 seconds, or 500,000 a year. All of this will be done by just 300 workers, only 200 of them in production; labor accounts for 1% of the cost of making the computer. One of the keys to the increased productivity is cutting the time spent handling materials. Parts arriving at the factory are placed on conveyor belts that carry them to storage. Then, when they are needed for assembly, an operator has only to push a button to transfer them to the work station, either by moving belts or by vehicles guided by wires embedded in the floor. In some

cases, robots attach parts to circuit boards.

General Electric's division that makes locomotives has been weakened by recession and plunging sales. But rather than abandon the business, GE gave an antiquated factory in Erie, Pa., what General Manager Carl Schlemmer calls an "electronic heart transplant." Cost: $500 million. Giant computer-driven arms and machine tools help the factory turn out locomotives in a fraction of the time once required. A 2,500-lb. motor frame that took 16 days to build can now be done in 16 hours. By 1986 GE could be making about 800 locomotives a year, up a third from current levels.

The new interest is spreading to the classroom, where studies about the factory floor have traditionally not been popular. At the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, for example, two-thirds of new engineering faculty are in manufacturing, and enrollment in their courses has risen 50% in two years.

At Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, a course on manufacturing management is required for an M.B.A., and other courses are offered in robotics and manufacturing strategy. In the belief that dirty hands can enrich minds, students venture to shop floors in the Pittsburgh area and serve as field consultants. A total of 15% of Carnegie-Mellon's 1984 business graduates plan to go into manufacturing, *vs.* 1% three years ago. The university will soon offer a new degree, a variation of a master's in engineering, says Associate Dean Robert Atkin. It will be equivalent to an M.B.A.

IBM has also helped turn classroom attention to the new manufacturing. Last summer it donated $50 million in cash and equipment to 20 colleges and universities to improve long-neglected programs in the field for both engineers and businessmen. Said Chairman John Opel at the time: "There can be no factories of the future unless there are universities of the future educating those people now."

With a $2 million grant from IBM, and more money from other companies, Stanford has set up the Institute for Manufacturing and Automation. More than 1,000 executives and students, including almost the entire 600-member enrollment of Stanford's business school, packed an early-March conference on manufacturing. The theme: "We can make it."

American manufacturing at one time needed no such pep rally. Modern manufacturing was born in America, principally in Detroit's auto industry. The idea of combining moving assembly lines with standardized parts was first used by Henry Ford in car production and quickly adapted for a wide array of mass-produced, affordable consumer goods. Manufacturing as it evolved in Detroit was nothing less than the driving force of American economic bounty, say the Harvard Business School's William J. Abernathy, Kim B. Clark and Alan M. Kantrow in their 1983 book *Industrial Renaissance*.

World War II brought the biggest production challenge ever. In five years, from mid-1940 to 1945, Detroit's automakers and others produced 300,000 warplanes, including 16,000 heavy bombers in 1944 alone, 6 million guns, 600,000 trucks, 50,000 tanks and 4 million engines. Shipyards turned out 5,200 vessels, and the time for making a Liberty ship, a freighter, was cut from 244 days to 42. William S. ("Big Bill") Knudsen, who resigned as president of General Motors to head the war production effort, rightly said that the country "smothered the enemy in an avalanche of production."

General Motors: workers at Pontiac's Fiero line in Michigan now have more say in their jobs

But within a generation, postwar Japanese factories, most of them built from scratch, were turning out cheaper and better peacetime goods. Possibly only in airplanes did U.S. manufacturing remain supreme. There management was quick to adapt to changing conditions. The industry was using computer-assisted manufacturing more than a decade ago. Last week Boeing officials said they will start talks with three Japanese firms to consider building a commercial airliner for the 1990s.

But what had happened elsewhere in U.S. manufacturing? Overconfidence born of success, say the authors of *Industrial Renaissance*. The "once troublesome problem of production" seemed conquered. World War II proved that America could make anything fast, and there seemed to be no challenge left. So in the 1950s and '60s, the best and the brightest in business turned away from manufacturing, considering it just work for mechanics, and drifted into more glamorous fields like theoretical research. The factory, says Carnegie-Mellon's Atkin, lost good people because of "noncompetitive salaries, unclear career paths and Podunk locations."

Plant managers were stereotyped as apathetic 9-to-5ers, eager to escape their factories, jump into Winnebagos and guzzle beer. By the 1960s deterioration was evident. Says Harvard Business School Professor Wickham Skinner: "American manufacturing was getting soft. Morale declined, top talent went elsewhere, and those who were left lost their clout with top management. Manufacturing managers were lions on the factory floor, but they were pussycats in the boardroom."

By 1980 Detroit, which had taught the world how really to make things, was in ghastly condition. Crushed by recession, foreign competition, high interest rates and skyrocketing gasoline prices, the four domestic auto companies reported losses of $4.2 billion that year. At the time, Harold ("Red") Poling, executive vice presi-

Deere: a supervisor checks quality-control specifications of a tractor chassis in Waterloo, Iowa

dent of Ford's North American automotive operations, said, "The perception is that we can't compete with the Japanese. We have got to turn it around."

And so they did, pointing the way to a revolution in manufacturing. The companies began a $70 billion capital spending program to build better cars and trucks. Detroit equipped itself with elaborate computerized devices to perform hundreds of tasks like precision welding and alignment of doors and fenders. Auto executives consulted with the gurus of manufacturing and quality: W. Edwards Deming, J.M. Juran and Philip B. Crosby, a Florida-based consultant whose 1979 book, *Quality Is Free*, sits on many Detroit desks *(see box)*.

Armed with their advice, the auto industry set out to drive responsibility down through the ranks, allowing employees to have more say in what they are doing. In Japan, manufacturing defects are caught by workers, who are encouraged to stop the line and correct them. The idea is to make a car ready to ship and sell by the time it rolls out of the plant and to make every worker an inspector.

An ardent supporter of that concept is Douglas Fraser, former head of the United Auto Workers, who has long contended that U.S. workers are the best in the world. They will deliver peerless quality, he believes, but only if management asks it of them. Honda's experience with U.S. workers in its American plants bears that out. Workers at Honda's plants in Marysville, Ohio, do work that is as good as or better than that at the company's plants in Japan, say Honda executives. Car buyers, especially those on the West Coast, have yet to be convinced. Honda caters to that important market by selling only Japanese-built vehicles in California.

Detroit's factories are getting their workers closer to what they are making. At the plant where Pontiac builds its stylish Fiero, Manager Ernie Schaefer has eliminated one rank of supervisors, forcing responsibility on line workers. The pressure is on, he says, "to do it right the first time." At a Buick plant in Flint, Mich., a worker monitors the reliability of springs on a computer screen, rejecting those that do not measure up. Says Utilityman James Adkins: "I like it. It makes my job easier."

The idea is being embraced everywhere. At Maytag's factory in Newton, Iowa, employees do more than keep pace with assembly lines. A single worker may build an entire washing machine subassembly. Then he checks his work with a stethoscope and stamps his ID number on the product. Says Vice President Sterling O. Swanger: "Quality is everyone's business at Maytag."

Nonetheless, critics charge that manufacturing still lacks the kind of great innovators who set up the original American system. Harvard's Skinner says that many manufacturers are "housekeepers but not yet architects." More strategic thinking, more top talent and more development, he says, are needed. Detroit auto executives take exception to that. They insist they are no longer second to Japanese manufacturing in any way. "There is no manufacturing gap," says Ford President Donald Petersen. Echoes GM President F. James McDonald: "There are no differences in the process. Most of the technology everyone uses was developed here."

American manufacturing is still less than it could be, or must be if U.S. factories are to regain world markets. Says Hewlett-Packard President John Young: "A strong manufacturing sector is central to this country's ability to compete. We shouldn't point to our surplus in services and convince ourselves that probably everything is going to be all right. Manufacturing is the base that creates many of those services." For U.S. manufacturing, investors, politicians and plain citizens, that is an important nuts-and-bolts lesson. ***—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Detroit and Adam Zagorin/New York***

In Quest of Quality

A well-run factory is like a ballet. It should be planned with zealous attention to detail and supervised with no tolerance for mistakes. This year some 7,000 executives from such firms as IBM, Borg-Warner and PPG Industries will travel to Winter Park, Fla., to hear that message from Philip B. Crosby, 57, perhaps the leading evangelist of quality in the U.S. and author of *Quality Is Free*. Cost of a five-day seminar: $1,650. Crosby tells the executives that if they follow his strict rules and manufacture a product right the first time, their companies could increase profits substantially.

Crosby maintains that a major problem with U.S. industry is that supervisors consider occasional errors, such as ill-fitting car doors and blemished paint jobs, to be normal and acceptable. As a result, companies spend too much time and money correcting mistakes. He puts the blame mostly on managers who are inaccessible or vague in giving instructions to workers. Says Crosby: "Quality is a process like raising children. You never get done."

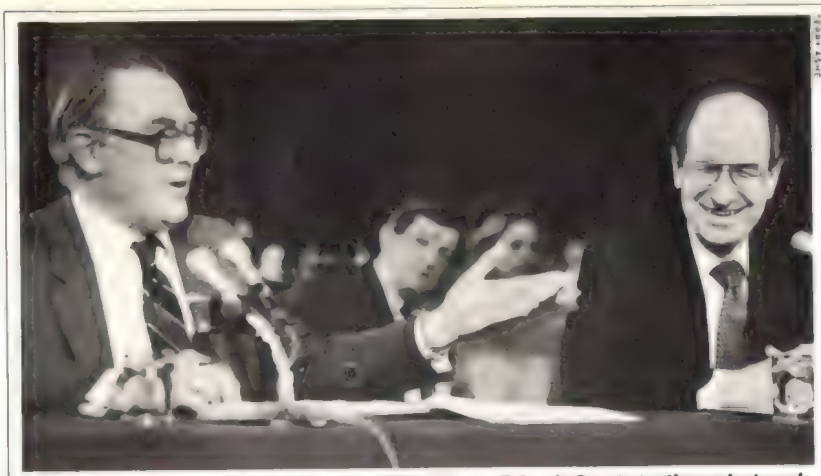
Crosby acquired his management insights on the factory floor. Though trained as a podiatrist, he never practiced and began work in 1953 as a $75-a-week inspector of radar equipment. He soon questioned the prevailing wisdom that preventing errors was a hopeless goal. By 1961, while a quality manager of the Pershing missile program at Martin Marietta, he conceived the Zero Defects policy, which persuaded workers to sign no-flaw pledges and recognized those with perfect performances.


ROBERT M. EDINTON
Philip Crosby in his Winter Park, Fla., office

Crosby later became director of quality at ITT, and one day he got to put forth his ideas to Chairman Harold Geneen during an elevator ride. Geneen was intrigued and agreed to support an in-house "cultural revolution." Under the banner of slogans like "Make Certain" and "Buck a Day," Crosby created a system of quality managers throughout the company that has been adopted by other large corporations.

In 1979 Crosby left his $200,000-a-year job at ITT to start his own firm, which now has more than 100 employees and projected revenues of $22 million for 1984. One of his early clients was Mostek, a Texas-based microchip maker. The firm came to Crosby after it started losing its market to Japanese electronics firms because they were turning out superior chips. Mostek sent 115 of its managers to Crosby seminars and launched a campaign exhorting workers to "Do It Right the First Time." Result: Mostek cut costs by some $40 million annually. Says Quality Director Robert Donnelly: "It was dramatic. Changes occurred almost overnight."

The Crosby philosophy is spelled out fully in *Quality Is Free* (McGraw-Hill; $21.95), which has attracted almost a cult following among managers since its publication in 1979. Crosby has written four other books, including one that offers advice on family management, called *The Art of Getting Your Own Sweet Way*. Next month Crosby will publish *Quality Without Tears, the Art of Hassle-Free Management*.



Socal Chairman George Keller, left, and Gulf Chief James E. Lee in Senate testimony last week

Misgivings About Big Mergers

A new oil deal causes a stir on Capitol Hill

As antimerger sentiment began bubbling in Congress, the last thing the oil industry wanted was another takeover. But that is exactly what it got last week. Mobil (1983 revenues: $58.5 billion) announced that it would pay $5.7 billion for Superior Oil (revenues: $1.8 billion). It was Big Oil's third megadeal in as many months and came only six days after Standard Oil of California had bid $13.2 billion for Gulf in history's biggest takeover. Sighed Socal Chairman George Keller: "Some people who aren't concerned about two mergers will say that three is too many."

Unlike the public bidding that preceded the Gulf deal, the grab for Superior was made in great secrecy. Using pseudonyms, Mobil President William Tavoulareas traveled to Texas earlier this month to make final arrangements. The merger looks very good for Mobil, which will be paying just under $6 per bbl. for Superior's 1 billion bbl. of oil and liquid natural gas reserves, *vs.* average exploration costs of $14 per bbl.

Since Superior owns no refineries or gas stations, its takeover by Mobil should not raise serious antitrust issues. But in Congress, questions are being asked about the shrinking number of competitors in the oil industry, as well as the huge sums expended to buy out shareholders.

At least six antimerger bills are being prepared. Congressman Peter Rodino, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, will hold hearings this week on legislation that would make hostile takeovers more difficult. The proposal would give outside directors on the target company's board power to block offers they consider unacceptable.

The more immediate threat came from an unusual alliance between two Senators who are normally opposed on oil issues. Louisiana's J. Bennett Johnston, who proudly calls himself "a friend of oil," and Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum, a persistent industry critic, united behind a bill to impose a six-month moratorium on acquisitions by the 50 largest oil companies. Because the measure would be retroactive, it could put on hold both the Socal-Gulf and Mobil-Superior deals.

Big Oil launched a counterattack. At a congressional hearing last week, oil company executives denounced the measure. Said Gulf Chairman James E. Lee: "The moratorium would be devastating for Gulf. It would put us in limbo." Added Socal's Keller: "It would be a case of trying to solve a non-problem with a sledgehammer." Mobil's Tavoulareas sent telegrams to all 535 members of Congress urging that Mobil's purchase of Superior Oil not be stopped.

While Congress was jousting with the oil companies, the Reagan Administration was unusually fractious last week on another corporate coupling. In an article in the New York *Times*, Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige blasted the Justice Department's decision to block the joining of LTV and Republic Steel because it would reduce competition. Baldrige called the ruling "a world-class mistake" because it hinders the steel industry's efforts to become more competitive with foreign producers. A day later, outgoing Attorney General William French Smith issued a statement defending his department and pointedly remarked that antitrust decisions would be made "without regard to how popular they may be."

In general, the Reagan Administration has been overwhelmingly friendly toward corporate mergers. The betting in Washington was that it would eventually accept the LTV-Republic one as well. After meetings with the Justice Department, executives of the two companies seemed optimistic. By restructuring their agreement, perhaps by eliminating some steelmaking operations, they could meet the Government's merger guidelines. ■

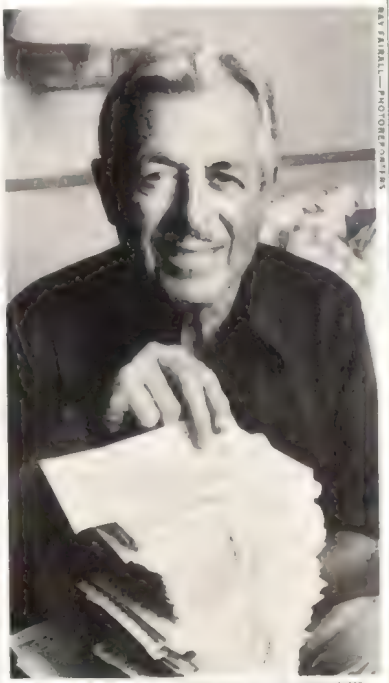
Card Sharks

Fraud on the phone

With one son living in France and another in the Philippines, Jane Landenberger is used to making long-distance phone calls. She was wholly unprepared, however, for her latest bill. So large that it arrived by United Parcel Service truck, the 2,578-page statement listed some 17,000 U.S. and international calls and totaled $109,504.86.

The 56-year-old Bedford, N.Y., woman was a victim of an increasingly common scam: telephone credit card fraud. Last week such cases seemed to grow larger and more outlandish by the day. Philip Rubin, 71, of Boca Raton, Fla., received a statement demanding $176,983. Said he: "I was more than a little surprised." Even that was topped by a bill presented to the Michigan Association of Governmental Employees for calls charged to its new, but not yet distributed, credit cards. It came to $320,984.26.

Some 50 million Americans carry telephone credit cards. More than 47 million have been issued by American Telephone & Telegraph, which operates the long-distance lines that used to be part of the Bell system. The rest have been put out by competitors like MCI. Each A T & T card is supposed to be protected from abuse by a four-digit personal identification number that only the user and the company know. Someone using the card must give both his phone and the identification numbers. But anyone who finds or steals a card, or overhears the numbers being read to an operator, can make illegal calls.



Philip Rubin at home with his $176,983 bill

"I was more than a little surprised."

Those most likely to spread the numbers, says Larry Mixon, the Florida spokesman for Atlanta-based Southern Bell, include college students and military base personnel. Both groups contain large numbers of young people living away from home and making frequent long-distance calls. Once a number is obtained, hundreds of people may end up using it. "Students have been known to take out ads announcing the numbers and the fact that free calls can be made from them," Mixon said. In California stolen numbers bring from $2 to $10 each on the black market.

The boom in phony card charges is partly due to a crackdown on another type of telephone abuse. For years operators seldom asked questions when travelers charged long-distance calls to their home phones. But so many calls were being billed to unwary customers that operators now usually phone a person at the number given to get approval. Says Scott Smith, a spokesman for San Francisco-based Pacific Bell: "Credit cards are becoming the sole source of telephone fraud."

Bogus billings cost A T & T $70 million in 1982 and $74 million during the first nine months of last year. Such sums are minuscule, however, when compared with the company's revenues (1983: $69.8 billion). A T & T deducts the fraudulent charges from its taxable income as a cost of doing business.

Telephone officials recommend various ways to avoid a credit rip-off. For example, they advise cardholders to give their numbers to operators in a voice that cannot be overheard and, when possible, to use pushbutton phones that allow the codes to be entered without being spoken.

Phone companies are taking measures to stop the card sharks. New York Telephone now issues a card that lists the customer's identification code but omits his name and phone number. A T & T is installing public phones equipped with slots that automatically scan and read cards so that people do not have to give out the numbers. It plans to have such phones in 5,000 hotels, airports and convention centers by the end of the year.

While computers have been programmed to spot an unusual increase of charges to a customer's account, the phony phone calls can mushroom before they are stopped. The phone company knows where the calls are made to, but it is still hard to track down the caller. Nonetheless Jack Dille, an A T & T security and claims manager, says, "We're very hopeful that some of the things that we'll do will give us the ability to detect fraud immediately and apprehend and prosecute those responsible for it."

The victims of telephone fraud usually do not suffer financially. If they can prove that someone else was using the card, the phone company charges them only for long-distance calls actually made. Jane Landenberger had to pay just $47.03 of her $109,504.86 bill. ■

Prime Ribbing

Wendy's jingle jangle jingle

It has quickly become the most famous question in America. In schoolyards children gleefully taunt each other with it, and in many households it has replaced "What's for dinner?" as the leading mealtime query. People in long lines at movie theaters, grocery stores and gas stations mutter it with a smile. Even presidential candidates have succumbed to its charm. The question: "Where's the beef?"

All the queries began on Jan. 9, when Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers launched a new, $8 million television ad campaign. The first 30-second spot features three elderly ladies who have walked into a fictional "Home of the Big Bun" hamburger outlet and become outraged by the microscopic size of the patty on a gargantuan, fluffy bun. One woman, played by Octogenarian Clara Peller, asks irately, "Where's the beef?" The implied answer: Wendy's quarter-pound burgers have the beef. In a second spot, Peller uses a telephone to put the inevitable question to the owner of "Big Bun," who is ensconced on his yacht, the S.S. *Big Bun*.

BARTHOLOMEW—BLACK STAR

Cult Star Clara Peller holds aloft the answer

Coming: dolls, games, hats, records, cards.

The punch line is snowballing into a social phenomenon independent of product or sponsor. While such commercial catch phrases as "This Bud's for you," "Reach out and touch someone" and "Nothing beats a great pair of L'eggs" have become well known, few have been adopted so rapidly into everyday speech or been so thoroughly merchandised.

The popularity of the Wendy's slogan is spawning a mini-industry. Michael Stone, president of New York City's Hamilton Projects, Wendy's exclusive licensing agent, estimates that sales of "Where's the beef?" products may reach $30 million by the end of the year. Items bearing the question or Clara Peller's picture will eventually include T shirts, a record album, kitchen utensils, greeting cards, baseball caps, mugs, wastebaskets, dolls (one of which asks the question), board games, three-ring binders and stadium cushions. Says Stone: "Manufacturers have been calling nonstop to get licenses to sell at retail, and those we have signed have been overwhelmed by orders."

Success has brought some troubles for Wendy's. One company wanted to put out a line of male underwear with the slogan "Here's the buns, where's the beef?" Said Stone: "That was a no." Bootleggers are already peddling unauthorized beef by-products. A T-shirt company sold items to J.C. Penney, and another firm tried to peddle unlicensed refrigerator magnets, before Wendy's forced them both to stop.

"Where's the beef?" has transformed Clara Peller into a cult star. The diminutive former Chicago beauty-shop owner stands to get an as yet unnegotiated percentage of the profits from licensed items that bear her likeness. She has already completed a West Coast promotional tour and appeared on *Today*, *Good Morning America* and *Entertainment Tonight*. So far Peller has received more than 600 fan letters, and a Clara Peller fan club is being planned.

No one could be more pleased with the campaign's success than Wendy's International of Dublin, Ohio (1983 sales: $1.92 billion), the smallest of the Big Three burger companies, behind McDonald's and Burger King. In January, Wendy's enjoyed a 15% growth in sales. A survey of 500 customers who patronize all three chains showed that in January 18% more of them identified Wendy's with hamburgers that have the best value than before the ad campaign had begun. Says Vice President Denny Lynch: "With Clara we accomplished as much in five weeks as we did in 14½ years."

Although Wall Street analysts share Lynch's enthusiasm for the commercial, they do not believe it will help Wendy's bite off a significantly bigger share of the $37 billion fast-food market. Says Joseph Doyle, the fast-food industry watcher for Smith Barney: "What frequently happens with successful ads like this is that people give a life to the expression itself but maybe don't relate it to Wendy's hamburgers." Wendy's is far behind its rivals in number of outlets. It has 2,553 outlets in the U.S., *vs.* McDonald's 6,704 and Burger King's 3,438.

The two Wendy's commercials are scheduled to run on the networks through April 1. What happens after that date is uncertain. Says Lynch: "We'll just wait and see. The consumer will determine whether Clara returns." ■

You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

**The taste that outshines menthol–
and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

COVER STORY

Hold the Eggs and Butter

Cholesterol is proved deadly, and our diet may never be the same

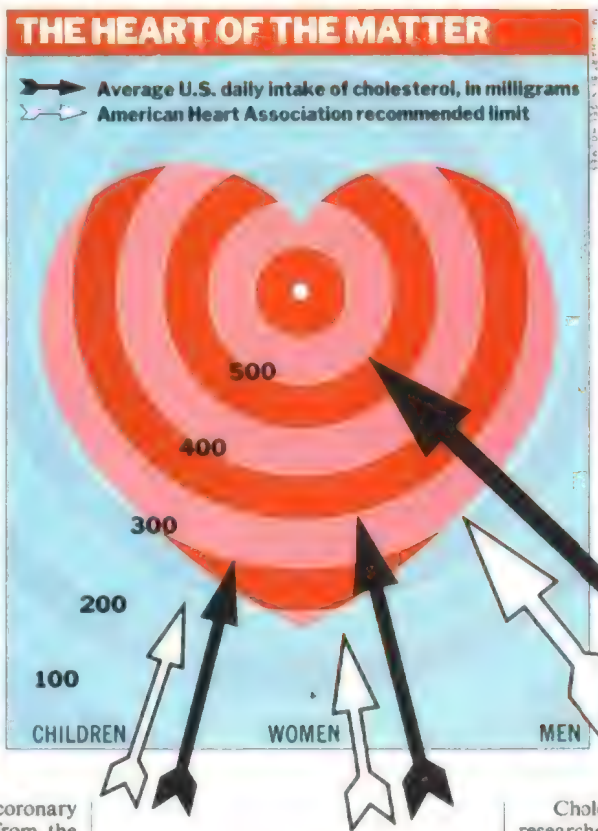
This year began with the announcement by the Federal Government of the results of the broadest and most expensive research project in medical history. Its subject was cholesterol, the vital yet dangerous yellowish substance whose level in the bloodstream is directly affected by the richness of the diet. Anybody who takes the results seriously may never be able to look at an egg or a steak the same way again. For what the study found, after ten years of research costing $150 million, promises to have a profound impact on how Americans eat and watch their health. Among the conclusions:

- *Heart disease is directly linked to the level of cholesterol in the blood.*
- *Lowering cholesterol levels markedly reduces the incidence of fatal heart attacks.*

Basil Rifkind, project director of the study, believes that research "strongly indicates that the more you lower cholesterol and fat in your diet, the more you reduce your risk of heart disease."

Everybody knows George Ford. Or somebody like George Ford. There he was, 52, the energetic president of a small Ohio electronics firm who "wouldn't eat an egg unless it was fried in bacon grease." His lunches were executive size. He matched his business cronies drink for drink. He smoked "pretty heavily" and exercised with a knife and fork. In the winter of 1981 doctors informed Ford that his cholesterol levels were dangerously high; by April he required a quadruple coronary bypass operation. He emerged from the hospital determined to revise his ways radically. Today he does not smoke, he exercises four or five days a week, and he sticks scrupulously to a diet high in fiber and low in cholesterol and fat. "I haven't had a slice of bacon in three years," he says. He is proud and relieved that his cholesterol level is normal. "Maybe heart disease is God's way of telling us we're living too damn high on the hog," Ford says. "It's hard to practice moderation in this country. We're a nation of excess."

Sadly, George Ford is right. By the time the average American puts down his fork for the day, he has consumed the equivalent of a full stick of butter in fat and cholesterol. This is despite more than 25 years of warnings from doctors and the American Heart Association about the dangers of such oleaginous indulgence. All their good advice, plus the urgings of the health-and-fitness movement, has, it seems, succeeded only in making us feel guiltier as we plow our way through the eggs Benedict. Although intake of animal fats has been declining, American men continue to consume an average of about 500 mg of cholesterol a day, and women 350 mg, in both cases about 60% more than the Heart Association recommends. About 40% of our daily calories are taken in as fat; this is about 30% more than Americans ate 60 years ago, and nearly three times the amount consumed by the Japanese and some African and Latin American populations.



More to the point, the U.S. continues to have one of the highest rates of heart disease in the world. Last year more than a million Americans suffered heart attacks; more than half of them died as a result. Because most of the victims are in their prime productive years, mainly men in their 40s and 50s, the economic and social toll is huge, leaving aside the tragic personal waste. According to the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute, deaths from heart attacks cost an estimated $60 billion in medical bills, lost wages and productivity, or more than last year's total Medicare budget.

For decades, researchers have been trying to prove conclusively that cholesterol is a major villain in this epidemic. It has not been easy. Cholesterol is, after all, only one piece in a large puzzle that also includes obesity, high blood pressure, smoking, stress and lack of exercise. All of these play their part in heart disease "like members of an orchestra," explains Pathologist Richard Minick of the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center.

To make matters more complicated, an individual's susceptibility to these factors depends on inherited traits. Thus, while a fatty diet and smoking may mean early death for one man, another can puff away, gorge on steaks and banana splits and still live to a ripe old age.

Cholesterol has been perplexing researchers since 1769, when French Chemist Poulletier de la Salle first purified the soapy-looking yellow-white substance. Despite its bad reputation, cholesterol is essential to life: it is a building block of the outer membrane of cells, and it is a principal ingredient in the digestive juice bile, in the fatty sheath that insulates nerves, and in sex hormones such as estrogen and androgen. Although most of the cholesterol found in the body is produced in the liver, 20% to 30% generally comes from the food we eat.

Doctors first became suspicious about cholesterol, particularly the cholesterol in

LOU LAYBET

THE KILLER AT WORK

Cholesterol-laden plaque (bright yellow) is shown piled up in the arteries leading to this heart of an 85-year-old woman. A restricted blood flow led to heart failure.

diet, when they looked inside the diseased arteries of heart attack victims. There, instead of smooth, supple vessels, they saw what looked like brittle, old pipes, clogged and hardened by deposits of cholesterol—the condition now known as atherosclerosis. In 1913, Russian Pathologist Nikolai Anitschkow showed that he could produce similar deposits, or plaques, in the arteries of rabbits just by feeding them a diet rich in cholesterol. Subsequent research further supported the connection between diet and cardio-vascular disease. Epidemiologist Ancel Keys conducted a landmark study in seven nations beginning in 1947. He discovered direct correlations between a country's incidence of heart disease, the level of cholesterol in the blood and the amount of animal fat in the national diet. The Finns, with the fattiest diet, had the highest cholesterol levels and the highest rate of heart disease; the Americans, with a diet only slightly less rich, were a close second. But the Japanese, who eat a diet low in fat, had the lowest cholesterol levels and the least cardiovascular disease. Their rate of fatal heart attacks was one-fourth the American incidence. A later study showed that when Japanese emigrated to the U.S. and adopted a Western diet, their incidence of heart disease soared to ten times that of their countrymen in Japan.

The experts were still not quite able to pin the blame on cholesterol, however. Explains Fred Mattson, a leading researcher at the University of California at San Diego, "We were missing a key piece of evidence: no one had ever shown that reducing the level of cholesterol in the blood did any good."

That was the reason for the N.H.L.B.I. study. The elaborate, ten-year program recruited 3,806 men between the ages of 35 and 59, all of whom had cholesterol levels above 265 mg per deciliter of blood (the average for U.S. adults is 215 to 220). Half the men were put on daily doses of cholestyramine, an unpleasant, cholesterol-lowering drug that was mixed with orange juice and taken six times a day. One participant likened taking it to swallowing "orange-flavored sand." Among its side effects: constipation, bloating, nausea and gas. The other half received a similarly gritty placebo. Researchers had decided to use a drug rather than diet to lower cholesterol, because it would have been virtually impossible to control or measure the diet of so many men over so long a period. By the end of the study, the cholestyramine group had achieved an average cholesterol level 8.5% lower than that of the control group and had suffered 19% fewer heart attacks. Their cardiac death rate was a remarkable 24% lower than that of the placebo group.

The lesson is plain, says Dr. Charles Glueck, director of the University of Cincinnati Lipid Research Center, one of twelve centers that participated in the project: "For every 1% reduction in total cholesterol level, there is a 2% reduction of heart-disease risk." This, says Project Director Basil Rifkind, is the evidence scientists have been waiting for. "It is a turning point in cholesterol-heart-disease research."

Convincing though the study was, doctors disagree on its implications. There is no longer any doubt that lives can be saved by lowering cholesterol levels in the blood, but can this be achieved just by improving diet? If so, would healthier eating habits benefit all Americans? According to Columbia University Cardiologist Robert Levy, who directed the study, the answer is yes on both counts. Says Levy: "If we can get everyone to lower his cholesterol 10% to 15% by cutting down on fat and cholesterol in the diet, heart-attack deaths in this country will decrease by 20% to 30%." Other doctors are not so sure, and urge a stricter interpretation of the study. Says Dr. Edward Ahrens, a veteran cholesterol researcher at Rockefeller University: "Since this was basically a drug study, we can conclude nothing about diet; such extrapolation is unwarranted, unscientific and wishful thinking."

One point on which there is no argument is the importance of treating patients who, like the men in the study, have extremely high cholesterol levels. But doctors differ somewhat on when to sound the alarm. Some believe that anyone with a reading over 200 mg should cut back on fat and cholesterol: that would include more than half the U.S. population. A less extreme view is that only people with levels above 240 mg should receive serious attention. Says Rifkind: "People in this group represent only 20% of the population, but they suffer 40% of the heart attacks."

Fred Shragai, 59, of Encino, Calif., is a good example. Fourteen years ago, the prosperous real estate developer had a cholesterol level above 300 mg. At the time, he smoked four packs of cigarettes a day, was overweight (202 lbs. on a 5-ft. 5-in. frame) and routinely put in five or six 14-hour, pressure-packed days a week at the office. Rich sauces and fatty meat were his standard fare for both lunch and dinner, and exercise meant reaching under the bed to grab from his stash of pretzels and potato chips. Shragai was a classic candidate for a heart attack, and at the age of 45, he had one. Nine years later he was hospitalized for an operation to bypass five seriously blocked coronary arteries. In desperation, Shragai enrolled himself in U.C.L.A.'s Center for Health Enhancement. By changing the way he lived, he was told, he could lower his cholesterol level and reduce his risk of another heart attack.

There was much to learn. Cholesterol, as Shragai found out, is packaged by the body in envelopes of protein, and only some of these packages are potentially harmful. The main culprit, LDL (for low-density lipoprotein), is the body's oil truck, circulating in the blood, delivering fat and cholesterol to the cells. Studies have shown that the higher the level of LDL, the greater the risk of atherosclerosis. Another type of cholesterol package is called HDL (for high-density lipoprotein). It appears to play a salutary role, helping remove cholesterol from circulation and reducing the risk of heart disease. Shragai's goal was to lower his level of LDL and raise his HDL.

Diet was a first step. To begin with, such cholesterol-rich foods as eggs and organ meats and most cheeses can directly

WHERE DIET COUNTS

Saturated fat raises the cholesterol level in the blood.

MEATS (3 oz.)

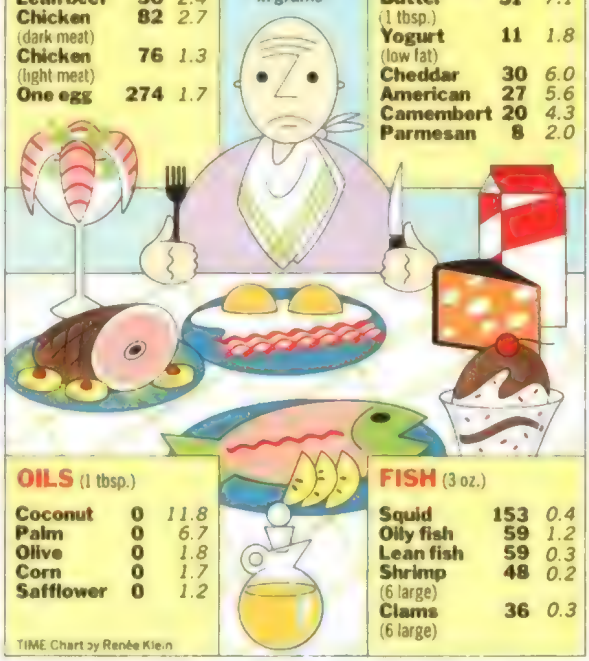
Beef liver	372	2.5
Veal	86	4.0
Pork	80	3.2
Lean beef	56	2.4
Chicken (dark meat)	82	2.7
Chicken (light meat)	76	1.3
One egg	274	1.7

Bold numbers: cholesterol in milligrams

Italic numbers: saturated fat in grams

DAIRY FOODS (1 cup; cheeses 1 oz.)

Ice cream	59	8.9
Whole milk	33	5.1
Butter (1 tbsp.)	31	7.1
Yogurt (low fat)	11	1.8
Cheddar	30	6.0
American	27	5.6
Camembert	20	4.3
Parmesan	8	2.0



OILS (1 tbsp.)

Coconut	0	11.8
Palm	0	6.7
Olive	0	1.8
Corn	0	1.7
Safflower	0	1.2

FISH (3 oz.)

Squid	153	0.4
Oily fish	59	1.2
Lean fish	59	0.3
Shrimp (6 large)	48	0.2
Clams (6 large)	36	0.3

TIME Chart by Renée Klein

Eating Lean in *Haute Cuisine*

There is an emphasis these days on power breakfasts, lunches and dinners, and the growing tendency is to evaluate people by the foods they order. So you face a special problem trying to eliminate cholesterol from restaurant meals. If you are trying to get the upper hand in a business deal or set the scene for a romantic seduction, your image may be demolished when you ask for a special order of poached fish with nothing on it and a green salad with safflower oil. In addition to the embarrassment of creating a stir, such requests could indicate that you are ill, overcautious or—the ultimate putdown—an unsensuous spirit.

But fear not. It is perfectly possible to follow a low-fat diet in secret and to hold to your recommended daily allotment of 300 mg of cholesterol without being detected. The trick: learning which types of national cooking are traditionally prepared with ingredients that are low in both cholesterol and saturated fat. If you have to ask the waiter about ingredients, do so simply as a connoisseur.

Some basic rules apply in all restaurants. Avoid all red meats, even veal, which can be fatter than beef, and stick to chicken. An order for lower-cholesterol white meat can be interpreted as taste preference rather than dietary caution. If you are being very strict, trim off the skin. You can eat anything that swims, shellfish and oily fish included, as long as it is not canned (the oil is likely to be high in fat). Even previously suspect fish such as salmon and mackerel are permitted because they contain fatty acids that actually reduce cholesterol in the body. Fried foods are permissible if they are fried in limited amounts of vegetable oil and if there are no eggs in their breading. But to be sure, you must know the restaurant kitchen, as some resort to cheap vegetable-oil blends. These often include coconut and palm oils, both high in saturated fats.

JOHN DOMINIS

Italian seafood dishes: a sensuous choice

Italian restaurants offer a wide range of delectable possibilities, but beware of hidden pitfalls in the form of pastas stuffed with whole-milk cheeses and fatty meats, and tomato sauces boosted with *prosciutto* or *pancétta* (cured bacon). Antipastos to trust include roasted peppers (minus the anchovies), grilled vegetables and raw mushroom or green salads. Choose pasta with marinara sauce, red or white clam or mussel sauce, oil and garlic, or with broccoli and oil. Fish and seafood dishes marked *brodétto, Livornese, Posillipo* and *marechiare,* all poached in light tomato broth with a little olive oil, are good choices, as are cold seafood salads. The choices are fewer for satisfying the sweet tooth. Remember that eggs, cream or butter lurk in almost all baked desserts, custards and ice creams. True water ices (*granite*) are what you are looking for, not milk-based sherbets. Fruit accompanied by liqueurs or cooked in wine are other permissible desserts.

French restaurants are tougher going, thanks to the lovely butter and cream finishes on so many specialties. Not even the nouvelle cuisine, touted for its "lightness," can be trusted, because the new sauces often forswear flour as a thickener in favor of reduced cream and butter. Reliable low-fat hors d'oeuvres include mussels that are grilled or steamed *marinière,* any vegetables *à la grecque* (cooked in olive oil with lemon), meatless vegetable terrines set in aspic, and snails or frog's legs *Provençal* (sautéed in olive oil with garlic and herbs). Have grilled Dover sole if you keep the cream mustard sauce on the side. Poached chicken *gros sel* (with coarse salt), stewed chicken *Marengo*-style (with tomatoes, mushrooms and white wine), or chicken *à la diable* (deviled and grilled) are fine, as is pigeon (squab) grilled or sliced into a green salad. For dessert, try a fruit soufflé made with only the white of the egg.

Chinese restaurants present a puzzlement of fatty ingredients to avoid. Even steamed fish and chicken dishes must be approached cautiously so that you can eat around the bits of ham added for flavor. Eggs turn up in fried rice and noodle creations and bind the satiny Cantonese sauce, traditional on lobster and shrimp. Savory low-fat specialties include hot and sour soup (without meat), cool and spicy hacked chicken, steamed shrimp dumplings, fiery Sichüan cabbage, and, cooked in mellow black-bean sauce, vegetables, bean curd, chicken and fish. Your menu can be rounded out by scallops with chili peppers or chow mein (including its fancier version, subgum chow mein). It would be helpful if fortune cookies gave the total number of milligrams of cholesterol ingested, never mind other wisdoms.

Mexican (or Tex-Mex) menus require adroitness if fat is to be avoided. Fortunately, most chefs substitute vegetable oil for the more authentic lard. Safe dishes include the avocado purée guacamole; all of the hot and mild relish sauces; *mariscadas* (shellfish); or the Spanish *bacalao* (salt codfish) in green, red or hot sauces; red snapper *Véracruzano* (baked with red and green chili peppers); and *ceviche* of raw, marinated scallops or fish. *Arroz con pollo* (chicken with rice) and chicken sautéed with garlic are permissible, as are fillings of chicken, guacamole or refried beans in tacos and tostadas.

Indian restaurants can have one great menace in the form of *ghee,* the clarified butter often used in the fiery curry sauces and breads. In that latter category, stick to the pancake breads *puri, chapati* and *roti* and the puffy *phulka,* all made without eggs or butter. Dependable starters do not exist; instead, go on to *tandoori* roasted seafood or chicken. Add to that the soothing lentil sauce *dal,* the cooling cucumber and yogurt dressing *raita,* the fiery chutneys and the fluffy rice pilafs or *biryanis,* and you should not feel at all deprived.

Japanese food offers perhaps the widest range of permissible choices of any kitchen, if only because of *sushi* and *sashimi,* the raw-fish creations. But any dishes with names beginning or ending in *nabe,* like *yosenabe,* are acceptable because they are merely fish or chicken cooked in broth. Fish and chicken can also be ordered in a *domburi,* steamed with vegetables and rice or noodles, or grilled as a *teriyaki.*

On the other hand, there are few lean pickings in restaurants featuring the food of Middle Europe, Germany and Russia, or, for that matter, in a standard American steakhouse. In all of these, it is best to rely on broiled or poached fish or chicken, but since that means missing the real fun, it perhaps would be less depressing to go elsewhere.

—By Mimi Sheraton

add to the level of potentially harmful LDL. Fat has an even bigger impact, although the reasons are not well understood. Saturated fat tends to raise LDL levels. Butter, bacon, beef, whole milk, virtually any food of animal origin is high in saturated fat; so are two vegetable oils: coconut and palm. Polyunsaturated fats, which are typically of vegetable origin, have the opposite effect; thus corn, safflower, soybean and sesame oils tend to lower the level of potentially dangerous LDL. Fish oils do the same. In the middle are the mono-unsaturated fats such as olive and peanut oils. These may lower LDL slightly, but tend to be neutral.

The amount of fiber in the diet also seems to influence cholesterol levels. "LDL cholesterol can be reduced 20% in people with high levels just by consuming a cup of oat bran a day," says Dr. Jon Story of Purdue University. However, Story adds, "that does not mean you can go and eat whatever else you want."

LDL Researchers Joseph Goldstein, left, and Michael Brown

For reasons that are still under study, cholesterol levels are influenced by a number of life-style factors. For instance, regular exercise can significantly raise the level of protective HDL. Alas, a couple of push-ups a day will not do the trick, says Dr. Josef Patsch of Houston's Baylor College of Medicine: "You need sustained aerobic exercise for 20 minutes at least four times a week to really benefit." A less strenuous way to raise HDL levels may be to have a daily shot or two of alcohol. "The evidence is indirect," reports Epidemiologist Stephen Hulley of the University of California at San Francisco, "but social drinkers have HDL levels as much as 33% higher than those found in teetotalers." On a more sober note, U.C.S.F.'s Dr. Richard Havel warns: "Anyone who recommends raising HDL by drinking is playing with fire." Stress too has a detrimental effect. Studies have shown that the cholesterol levels of medical students peak at exam time, while accountants hit their high point around April 15.

By applying these lessons, says Shragai, "my life was totally changed." Today the man who used to love steak says, "I won't touch it." At a restaurant, "if I choose fish, I ask the chef to skip the butter or please to sauté it in wine." Every morning, regardless of weather, the man who once spurned exercise goes for an eight-mile, two-hour hike through the wooded mountain trails near his home. He no longer smokes. His workdays average between eight and ten hours, but he insists, "I can absolutely stay away from the tension now. If I feel the pressure, I take off. Business associates get used to it; I set my own pace." Shragai no longer lives in fear of a sudden heart attack: his blood pressure and pulse rate are down, and most remarkable, his cholesterol level has dropped to an exemplary 195.

More and more Americans are deciding to take such precautions before, not after, disaster strikes. Three years ago, officials at the San Diego County school system became alarmed by the growing number of workmen's-compensation and health-insurance claims being filed by employees. "Most of the claims stemmed from poor health maintenance," recalls Risk Management Analyst Florine Belanger. To counter the problem, Belanger organized a program that offered employees a complete physical examination, followed by counseling on diet, exercise and stress management. "We thought we'd try to get the employees of our schools interested in changing their life-style," explains Belanger.

Heart Attack Victim Fred Shragai on daily hike

The man who loved steak "won't touch it."

Janet Crowell, 42, a teacher's aide for the handicapped, is one of 1,500 teachers and staff members in seven of the county's 46 districts who have enrolled. After only four months, Crowell is jogging twelve miles a week, has lost 20 lbs. and has reformed her diet. Says she: "I used to eat too many cheese and milk products and pasta with meat sauces." Now she favors raw vegetables, yogurt and a lot of pasta but with less sauce. In the Escondido district, where one-third of the employees are in the program, workmen's-compensation claims have dropped 34%, and health-insurance claims are down about 20%. Says Belanger: "We've caught the problems before they happen."

The American Heart Association has been urging people for years to take this preventive approach. Specifically, A.H.A. experts recommend that American men limit themselves to 300 mg of cholesterol a day, and women to 225 mg, roughly the amount in a single egg. They insist that fat should make up no more than 30% (rather than its current 40%) of the diet, and no more than one-third of this should be saturated. "The diet is not a radical one," says A.H.A. President Antonio Gotto. The organization urges a somewhat stricter regimen for people who already have elevated cholesterol levels or a family history of heart disease.

Because atherosclerosis develops slowly throughout life, Gotto believes that children should be started on a low-fat and low-cholesterol regimen at about the age of two. Children who begin eating a sensible diet early in life "are much more likely to follow it in the adult years," he maintains. If everyone were to accept this advice, says Gotto, coronary bypass surgery, now the most common major operation in the U.S. (170,000 were performed last year), would become rare by the end of the century. "We could look forward to the time when atherosclerosis is conquered," he says.

Many Americans have already heeded the A.H.A. gospel. Over the past 20 years, the nation's consumption of butter has dropped 30%, egg consumption has declined 14%, and the average intake of animal fat has plummeted 60%. Over the same two decades, deaths from heart disease have declined 30%.

Even so, not everyone agrees with the A.H.A. on dietary reform. The drop in mortality, some scientists point out, is partly due to better treatment for heart disease and to a decline in smoking

among middle-aged men. "I have an aversion to this cholesterolphobia," scoffs Purdue Cardiologist Story. "Why treat everybody? We don't give everybody insulin out of fear of diabetes." According to Rockefeller University's Ahrens, who has spent nearly 40 years studying cholesterol metabolism, individuals differ greatly in their response to dietary fat and cholesterol. "To deny everyone red meat could mean taking away the joy of life unnecessarily," he says. "And as an inexpensive source of good nutrition, there is nothing more glorious than the egg."

It comes as no surprise that the food industry agrees. "Most of us can eat one or two eggs a day without problems, provided we don't eat a lot of saturated fats," says Louis Raffel, president of the American Egg Board. M.F. Brink, president of the National Dairy Council, offers an even stauncher defense of milk, cream and cheese. "Without dairy foods," he says, "people could experience deficiencies of calcium, riboflavin and in some cases vitamin D."

The food manufacturers who oppose the Heart Association's dietary recommendations have come in for widespread criticism. "Instead of making excuses, they ought to be adopting the long-range goal of making better products," says Dr. John LaRosa, an internist at George Washington University Medical School. Many doctors believe that the labels on processed food should spell out the amounts of cholesterol, saturated fat and polyunsaturated fat the food contains. "How else is the shopper to know that something as innocent as a soda cracker contains 4 gm of saturated fat?" asks Cincinnati's Dr. Glueck. Saturated fat, usually in the form of coconut oil, lurks in most commercially baked breads and cakes, in nondairy creamers, on the oiled surface of frozen French fries, and even in wholesome granola. At Washington's Center for Science in the Public Interest, Nutritionist Bonnie Liebman has investigated the chic new frozen foods and found that some are surprisingly heavy in fat. Among them: Armour's Dinner Classics, Swanson's Le Menu and Pepperidge Farm's frozen vegetables in pastry. Of the 200 calories in each of Pepperidge Farm's croissants, she says, 118 are in the form of butter.

Pepperidge Farm defends its product: "Anybody's croissant is made up of about one-fourth butter," says Product Standards Manager Carol Johnson. In general, industry officials claim that they offer Americans a broad selection of foods, including low-fat, low-cholesterol varieties for those who want them. Kraft, Inc., Spokesman David Roycroft points out that the dairy industry has taken pains to increase the number of products from which the butterfat has been removed. Kraft's Golden Image imitation cheeses and Light n' Lively yogurt and cottage cheese were, he says, "developed in response to a perceived demand by consumers for such products." The meat industry has also re-

A One-in-a-Million Worst Case

A six-year-old girl named Stormie Jones made medical history on Valentine's Day by becoming the world's first person to receive simultaneous heart and liver transplants. But to doctors, Stormie is more than a medical milestone; she is an example of the worst that can happen when cholesterol levels go wildly out of control.

Less than a year ago, Stormie appeared to be a normal, active child. "Just an awful sweet little old girl," according to Joe Lunsford, her neighbor in Cumby, Texas (pop. 647). There was just one indication that something might be wrong: mysterious wartlike bumps covered her elbows, knuckles, knees and toes. Though her mother Lois Sue, a waitress in Cumby, had first noticed the small bumps on her daughter's buttocks when Stormie was three months old, it was not until last summer that she found a doctor who would take them seriously. Dr. David Bilheimer, medical director at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas, took one look and, he says, "I suspected what we had right away."

The bumps were tiny deposits of almost pure cholesterol that had accumulated under the child's skin. They are a classic sign of severe familial hypercholesterolemia (FH), a genetic defect that leads to a tremendous buildup of cholesterol in the blood. One out of every 500 Americans suffers from a moderate form of this disorder, but Stormie was among the one in a million whose genetic makeup produces an extreme variety. Bilheimer was shocked to find that the child's cholesterol was at nearly nine times the normal level for someone her age. It had already taken a toll on her blood vessels, as the doctor learned when he held a stethoscope to her neck and legs. There, instead of silence, he heard the ominous, whooshing sound of blood struggling to get through blocked arteries.

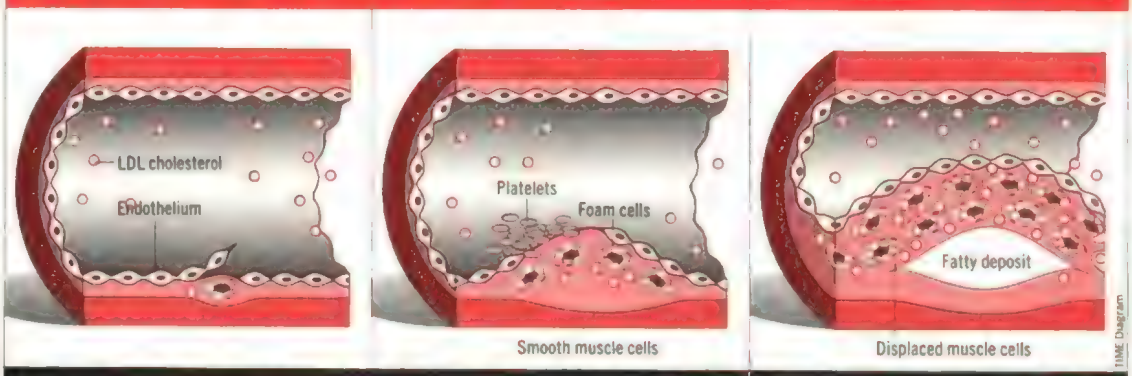
Stormie at Pittsburgh Children's Hospital

There are few effective treatments for severe FH. Stormie's doctors had just decided to try an experimental combination of cholesterol-lowering drugs, when her condition suddenly deteriorated. On Oct. 12, she suffered a heart attack. Six days later she again was gripped by severe chest pains. "It was a horrible thing to see a small child in such agony," says Bilheimer. At that point, explains Internist Scott Grundy, lowering Stormie's cholesterol level ceased to be the primary concern: "The issue was whether she was going to live, or die from heart disease."

When two bypass operations failed to help the ailing child, doctors decided on a radical, last-ditch effort to save her life: a liver transplant. The cells of the liver are specially equipped to remove harmful LDL cholesterol from the blood, but because of her genetic defect this mechanism was not working in Stormie's liver. The hope was that a new organ would cleanse LDL cholesterol from her blood and perhaps even reverse the buildup in her arteries. There was one hitch, however. Says Pediatric Surgeon Basil Zittelli of Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh, where the transplant was performed: "We thought that her heart, in its present condition, could not withstand the stress of a liver transplant." And so doctors decided to give Stormie a new heart as well.

Just two weeks after the ground-breaking, 15-hour operation, Stormie was watching television, eating pizza and, as she tearfully indicated at a press conference earlier this month, longing to go home to her sister in Texas. Last week she was released from the hospital, but must remain in Pittsburgh indefinitely for checkups three times a week. Doctors are encouraged by the fact that Stormie's cholesterol level is declining; they hope that the wartlike bumps will soon begin to disappear. Scientists across the country meanwhile expect to learn from her singular experience. "It was FH patients like Stormie who taught us how cholesterol is controlled in normal people," says Molecular Geneticist Michael Brown of the University of Texas. "Science very frequently advances by studying the most extreme cases."

HOW CHOLESTEROL CAN CLOG YOUR ARTERIES



1 Atherosclerosis is believed to begin when the lining of an artery, the endothelium, is damaged by factors including high blood pressure, elevated cholesterol levels or infection.

2 Two forms of blood cells accumulate in the damaged vessel wall: platelets and macrophages. The latter become foam cells as they gorge on cholesterol. When they burst, a fatty deposit forms.

3 Smooth muscle cells migrate from the layer below the endothelium and multiply wildly. Over a period of years, this proliferating jumble blocks the flow of blood, leading to a heart attack or stroke.

Slow Death Without Fever

It has been called the secret disease because the progression is slow, steady and silent. Gradually, over a period of many years, atherosclerosis chokes off the flow of life-sustaining blood. The disease, resulting from the buildup of fibrous material, or plaque, in the arteries, has been killing people for centuries. Scientists have found plaque in the arteries of an Egyptian mummy dating from approximately 100 B.C. Leonardo da Vinci described atherosclerosis in his *Dell'Anatomia*, identifying it as the cause of a "slow death without any fever" that afflicts the elderly. It was not until this century that scientists began to realize that this disease of advancing age actually begins in youth, especially in cultures where the diet is rich. More than 77% of the American soldiers killed in the Korean War were found in autopsies to have blood vessels narrowed by atherosclerosis. Their average age: 22. The arteries of the young soldiers in the opposing forces—Koreans raised on a diet of rice and vegetables—showed no such damage. In regions where famine is rife and meat is scarce, cardiovascular disease is virtually unknown.

Plaque taken from the carotid artery

Scientists are not yet certain why high levels of cholesterol lead to heart disease or what sets the insidious process in motion. The most widely accepted explanation is the so-called injury theory, propounded by Russell Ross at the University of Washington in Seattle. According to Ross, the disease begins with damage to the thin layer of cells, or endothelium, that forms the protective lining of the arteries. In some cases, says Seattle Pathologist Earl Benditt, the lining may be harmed by viral infection. He has detected the presence of herpes virus in about 8% of atherosclerotic tissue samples. Damage can also result from high blood pressure, which forces blood to strike the artery wall with unusual force; from chemical derivatives of cigarette smoke; from elevated levels of blood fats; or simply from the turbulence of onrushing blood. This turbulence is greatest at the points where arteries divide into branches, explains Dr. Daniel Steinberg of the University of California at San Diego. And it is at these junctions that damage generally begins.

Injury to a healthy artery lining would be swiftly repaired. But this is not the case with atherosclerosis. Again, all the usual suspects—smoking, high blood pressure, elevated cholesterol levels—appear to interfere with the normal healing process. As a result, instead of arteries being repaired, a cycle of destruction begins.

The trigger is an elaborate exchange of signals among many types of cells that congregate in a sort of traffic jam at the site of the injury. Small blood cells, called platelets, may be the first to arrive. They release chemical messages that somehow cause smooth muscle cells, normally located below the endothelium, to migrate to the damaged area. These multiply wildly and produce a tangle of elastic fibers and connective tissue. Large white blood cells, called macrophages, add to the chaos by rushing in, in some cases even before the platelets, and filling up with cholesterol from the blood. The resulting "foam cells," Dr. Robert Mahley of the University of California at San Francisco explained to TIME's Dick Thompson, "become so engorged that they burst, releasing their cholesterol and calling in more macrophages to clean it up." These in turn become distended and then burst, and so on. The proliferating mass gradually comes to resemble a lumpy scar.

According to Dr. David Blankenhorn, director of atherosclerosis research at the University of Southern California, the plaque may cease to develop or even shrink in size when cholesterol levels in the blood are reduced through diet or drugs. More often, however, the continued insults of rich foods, smoking and lack of exercise will, over a period of decades, lead to a gradual increase in the size of the plaque.

Finally, the flow of blood may become obstructed. If the affected vessel is a coronary artery, the victim is first likely to feel chest pains; if the vessel becomes completely blocked, he will have a heart attack. If, on the other hand, the blocked artery is one that delivers blood to the brain, the outcome will be a stroke.

Often there are no warning signs. "You don't sense your cholesterol rising or feel plaque developing," says Columbia University Cardiologist Robert Levy. For up to one-third of victims, the first sign of this secret disease is sudden death.

sponded to this demand, by offering 95%-fat-free ham and pork luncheon meats. Over the past decade the amount of fat in pork has been cut 30% and the amount in beef reduced 6% to 7%. The American Meat Institute is seeking changes in U.S.D.A. fat requirements to allow further reductions.

Officially, the Federal Government has neither rejected nor endorsed the A.H.A. dietary recommendations, nor has it taken a position on whether foodmakers should adopt more candid labeling. Since 1980, the U.S. Departments of Agriculture and Health and Human Services have published a brochure offering Americans the following general recommendation: "Avoid too much fat, saturated fat and cholesterol." Throughout this year, officials of both departments are meeting with scientists to discuss whether or not this recommendation should be made more stringent and specific, in light of the N.H.L.B.I. findings. "The time has come for the Federal Government to make some pronouncement on cholesterol," says George Washington University's LaRosa. But some nutritionists fear that opposition from the food industry will prevent the Government from taking a firmer stand.

Lowering cholesterol levels by eliminating eggs and fat is not the whole story, of course. Cholesterol levels are influenced by a number of factors, from age to genes, some of which cannot be controlled at all. The first is simply being an adult. Almost everybody has very low levels of cholesterol at birth, with LDL measuring around 50 mg per deciliter of blood. But by the time most people reach adulthood, they have at least twice that amount. "One of our problems as a species," says Virgil Brown, a cardiologist at New York City's Mount Sinai Medical Center, "is that we don't remove LDL as fast as other animals."

Gender also has an effect. Males and females start out with the same cholesterol levels, but around puberty boys experience a 20% to 25% drop in protective HDL and an ominous rise in LDL. This difference, researchers believe, is probably the reason why there are 60% fewer deaths from heart attacks in women than in men in the U.S. Race seems to play a part in how well the body handles cholesterol. Dr. Gerald Berenson, director of a long-term study in Bogalusa, La., has found that the changes in boys at puberty are more drastic in whites than in blacks. Says he: "It is as if white males are genetically programmed for early coronary disease."

In some cases, high cholesterol levels are caused by genetic defects. Molecular Geneticists Michael Brown and Joseph Goldstein, of the University of Texas Health Sciences Center in Dallas, have discovered a tiny structure—a single molecule—that sits on the surface of cells and removes potentially harmful LDL cholesterol from circulation. About one in 500 Americans is genetically deficient in these structures, called LDL receptors, and, as a result, develops astronomically high levels of LDL cholesterol. People with this condition, called familial hypercholesterolemia (FH), have 25 times the normal risk of heart disease.

Such is the case for four out of five members of the Arnold Melman family of Ardsley, N.Y. The Melmans keep a chart tracing their rising and falling cholesterol levels. Melman, a urologist, is the only member of his family who is free from such worries. His wife Lois and all three children have FH and must follow a strict low-fat, low-cholesterol diet. Lois and the two older children also take 30 gm a day of cholestid, a cholesterol-lowering drug similar to the cholestyramine used in the N.H.L.B.I. trial. Such drugs are expensive as well as unpleasant: as much as $200 for a month's supply. But, together with diet, they have helped the Melmans "make ourselves normal," as Lois puts it. Doctors hope that the results of the N.H.L.B.I. trial will convince pharmaceutical companies that there is a need and a market for less expensive, more palatable drugs.

At the opposite extreme from the Melmans are people who seem to be genetically programmed to escape the problem. The Pima Indians of Arizona have the world's highest known rate of diabetes and one of the highest rates of obesity, both of which should increase their risk of heart disease. To make matters worse, they subsist on a diet heavy in foods fried in lard. Despite all this, Pimas have moderately low levels of LDL and only about one-fourth the heart-attack rate of the American public. Scientists believe that what makes the Pimas different from the more vulnerable masses is not that their bodies produce less cholesterol, but rather that they are more efficient at removing it from the bloodstream. Says Barbara Howard, a researcher for the National Institutes of Health: "The Pimas may have more LDL receptors or else more efficient ones than most people."

The same may be true for the 1% to 2% of Americans who, according to Rockefeller University Geneticist Jan Breslow, "have a genetic composition that makes them immune to atherosclerosis." Breslow calls this advantage "the Winston Churchill factor." Says he: "These people break all the rules; they eat eggs, bacon and meat, and they smoke. And they live to be 95."

For the 98% of Americans who are neither Winston Churchills nor Pimas, playing by the rules is important. It is a rare doctor, however, who will recommend dietary reform to a patient unless his cholesterol level is already quite high or he has suffered a heart attack. "Most physicians are used to treating acute illnesses; they are less comfortable with preventive medicine for healthy-looking patients," says Dr. Eugene Passamani, associate director for cardiology at the National Institutes of Health. As a result, individuals must usually make up their own minds about a change in diet. The trends of the past two decades give cause for optimism. Medical researchers generally believe that Americans will become increasingly willing to change to a healthier diet and a more sensible life-style. By the year 2000, they say, heart disease could cease to be the leading cause of death in America. Twenty years ago, says Dr. William Friedewald of the N.H.L.B.I., "the public attitude was fatalistic: 'You may get a heart attack or you may not.' Today Americans are beginning to realize their health is in their own hands."

—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Los Angeles, Patricia Delaney/Washington and Sheila Gribben/Chicago, with other bureaus

Drawing by Hunt; © 1974 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"Here you've just had a nice low-cholesterol, low-cal breakfast of egg white, corn oil, skim milk, lecithin, mono- and diglycerides, propylene glycol monostearate, cellulose and xantha gums; trisodium and triethyl citrate, fortified with thiamin, riboflavin, and vitamin D; decaffeinated coffee with nutritive lactose and soluble saccharin . . . and you're still *not happy?"*

Conference for the defense: turning a sad case into sensational TV entertainment

When News Becomes Voyeurism

Live cable coverage of a rape trial redefines journalism

The words that came into millions of American households last week told a story as tawdry as any soap opera, in language sometimes more explicit than any prime-time series: "I put my hands inside her pants and she unbuttoned her button . . . The two of us fell to the floor. She was laughing, I was laughing, I started pulling her pants. She was willing . . . Three or four—I don't know—people were around . . . I heard from behind me for us to go to the pool table."

But the speech was testimony, not dialogue, and the courtroom melodrama could claim the legitimacy of a news story. The account came from one of six Portuguese immigrants accused of the gang rape of a young woman on a barroom pool table in New Bedford, Mass. Two weeks before, the alleged victim had described equally vividly a far different version of the same scene, in which she was forced into intercourse, but fought off oral sex, while the bartender and some patrons looked on but did not summon the police.

The trial of the accused rapists—actually two separate proceedings, both held in nearby Fall River—has been carried live, often gavel to gavel, on local cable and radio outlets, and nationally for two to three hours a day on Cable News Network. On most days CNN has accorded the case air time comparable to that given the confirmation hearings of Attorney General Nominee Edwin Meese or the Democratic presidential campaign. The network's executives say that they are covering the trial for its news value and to educate the public about how rape victims are treated in court. But CNN cuts away to other news during routine evidence, then lingers over lurid recollections of the incident, leading critics to wonder whether the trial is being turned into a sensational public entertainment.

CNN has aired a libel suit by Carol Burnett against the *National Enquirer* and a slander suit by California Physician Carl Galloway against CBS's *60 Minutes*, but this is the first time it has aired a criminal case. Said CNN President Burt Reinhardt: "The network is devoted to allowing viewers to make their own judgments, rather than assessing news events for them." The intense attention to the gang-rape trial is a subject for debate, however, even within the staff. Says one writer: "Let's face it, they are running the trial because of its sexy nature. I do not think any of us is so naive as to believe that ratings are not a factor. And ratings are up." CNN executives counter that the ratings boost may be offset by the costs of live coverage. Still, the network's formula is working: Atlanta Entrepreneur Ted Turner announced last week that his empire had made a profit last year for the first time since he launched CNN in 1980.

Opinion about CNN is divided among its major network rivals, which have run news stories about the trial but little of the explicit testimony. Says Executive Producer Steve Friedman of NBC's *Today*: "If you can broadcast hostages being taken, you can show these trials." ABC's *Nightline*, however, aired a critical discussion of CNN's live coverage. Said Correspondent Betsy Aaron: "These trials have become spectator sport."

One of the proceedings went to the jury late last week, and guilty verdicts were handed down against two of the defendants, Daniel Silva, 27, and Joseph Vieira, 28. Local news organizations—many of which have assigned women to cover the trial—have kept their reportage generally restrained. But an interview with Defendant Victor Raposo in the Boston *Herald* has caused a ruckus in and out of court. When Reporter John Impemba questioned Raposo for three hours last August, he worked for the *Standard-Times* in New Bedford, which declined to publish the story. In February, Impemba was hired by the *Herald*, and within a week the story was splashed on Page One. *Standard-Times* Editor James Ragsdale accused Impemba of "journalistic thievery," and Bristol County District Attorney Ronald Pina won a court order that could force Impemba to hand over his notes from the interview or face a potential jail term.

Television cameras were first permitted in American courts in Colorado in 1956, and are now allowed, with varying restrictions, in some 38 states. Debate continues about whether the public's right to know outweighs the intrusive and potentially disruptive impact of television coverage on a court proceeding and its principal participants. The problem may be particularly delicate in rape cases, because the victim is often stigmatized, both by the assault and by defense strategies that portray her as a ready partner. Says Stephanie Roth of New York Women Against Rape: "Going through a rape trial can be like going through a rape again." Many attorneys and social activists claim that the intense national focus on the New Bedford trial has discouraged women from pursuing rape charges. Says Philadelphia Judge Lisa Richette: "This woman is being subjected to vivisection. She is just being torn apart."

In recognition of such arguments, a number of newspapers and TV and radio stations decided, before the trial began, not to carry the name of the alleged victim. But Rhode Island's Colony Communications, which is supplying video coverage to CNN and to New Bedford–area cable channels, aired the name because, an executive said, the company lacked the technical ability to bleep it out when it arose in testimony. As a result, the Fall River *Herald-News* and the Providence *Journal* and *Bulletin* in Rhode Island published it. Said the Providence papers' Executive Editor, Charles Hauser: "Once the name was being aired for hours on end, there was no reason for us to withhold it any more." —***By William A. Henry III. Reported by Joyce Leviton/Atlanta and Timothy Loughran/New York***

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Ford LTD. It's a beautiful balance of the two most important things a car needs to be. LTD's design is smart, crisp and understated. Inside, it is a comfortable, functional place to be. The seats are designed for driving comfort. They provide good lower back and under-thigh support. Side bolsters are generous to provide support while cornering. Both front seats are fully reclinable and feature fold-down armrests. LTD's interior is designed to let you drive, and drive well, in comfort and style.

Capability when you need it.

Beneath all the comfort, there's solid capability. LTD's suspension with its front stabilizer bar and gas-filled shocks and struts coupled with rack and pinion steering makes up a ride and handling system that can handle almost any driving situation.

LTD. It's from Ford. And a recent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

Ford LTD. Comfort when you want it. Capability when you need it.

Get it together–
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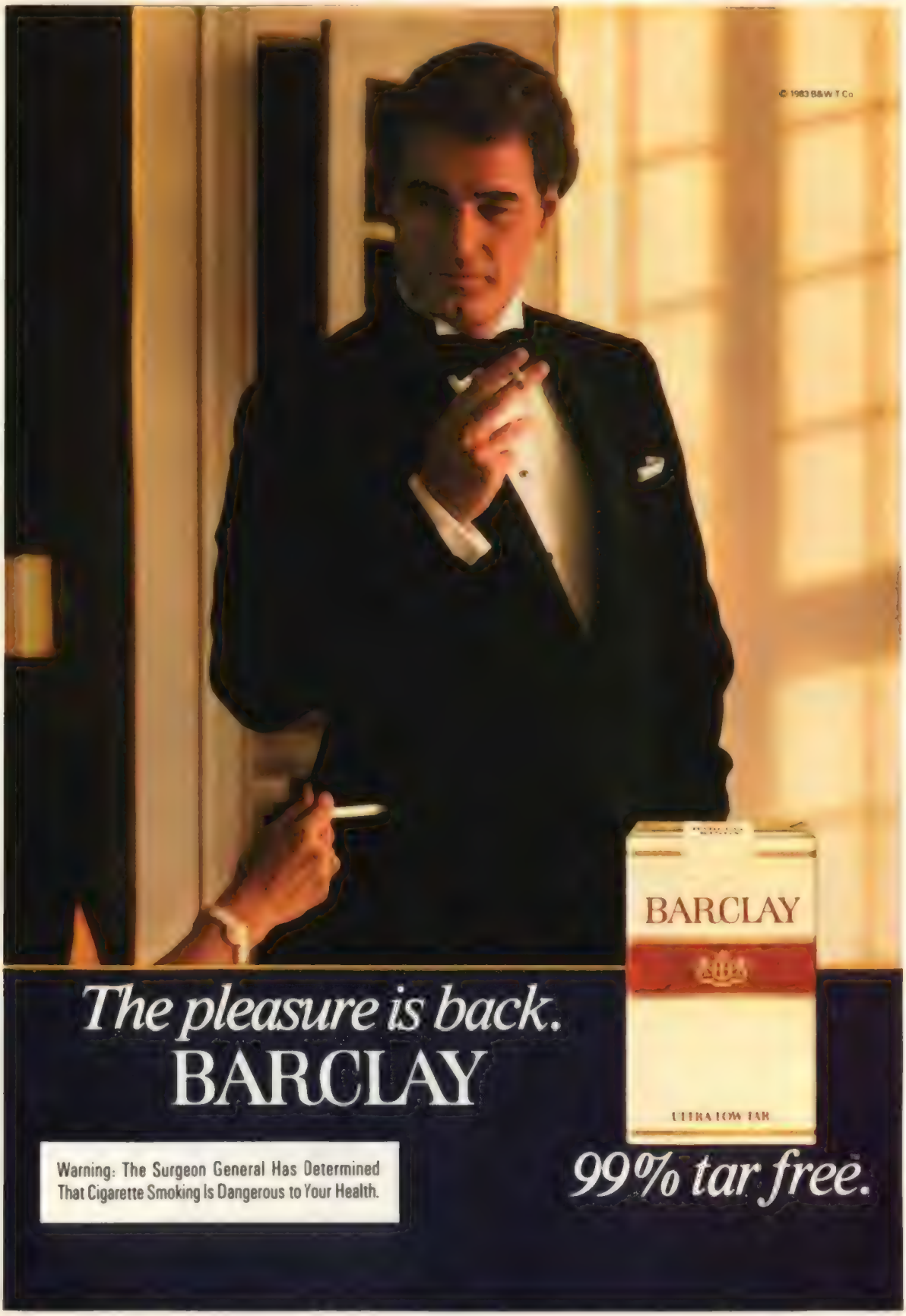
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ULTRA LOW TAR
The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY
99% tar free.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Nixon Tapes

CBS buys a video memoir

When British Talk Show Host David Frost recorded five interview programs with former President Richard Nixon in 1977, CBS News refused to bid for the broadcast rights, preferring to avoid disputes over "checkbook journalism." Last week, however, CBS News acknowledged that it has bought, for a reported $500,000, the rights to 38 hours of taped conversation between Nixon and a former White House aide, Frank Gannon, who helped Nixon write his memoirs. The footage will be edited into three 30-minute segments that will air next month, two on *60 Minutes* and one on a forthcoming magazine show, *American Parade*.

TV Guide, which screened some of the interviews, reports in this week's issue that Nixon (whose share of the show's worldwide sales reportedly could reach $1 million) discussed "subjects as varied as feeding his baby daughter Tricia at 2 a.m. and dealings with international leaders." About Watergate, the former President said, "It . . . was wrong, stupidly handled." He added, "I should have destroyed the tapes." The Nixon footage was turned down by NBC News President Reuven Frank, who judged it to be "not sufficiently new," and by ABC News, which apparently objected to the fact that Nixon was interviewed by a public relations aide. Some newspaper editors also questioned the arrangement. But Editor Spencer Klaw of the *Columbia Journalism Review* said, "It is hard to see how this differs from the common practice of newspapers and magazines to run excerpts of books." ■

Hoge Venture

The News *gets a publisher*

For 25 years, as he rose through the ranks of the Chicago *Sun-Times* from police reporter to editor and then publisher, James Hoge regarded the city's *Tribune* as the enemy camp in a chivalrous newspaper war. Hoge, 48, sought to increase his stake in the rivalry last year when the *Sun-Times* (circ. 639,000) was offered for sale, and he led an investor group that bid $63 million. The price was topped, however, by Australian Press Lord Rupert Murdoch, and a disheartened Hoge quit the paper in January. Last week he crossed his former battle lines: in April he will become publisher of the New York *Daily News* (circ. 1.4 million), which is owned by the Chicago-based Tribune Co. The paper is locked in its own war, this one with the New York *Post*, which is owned by Murdoch. Said Hoge: "The fact that Murdoch was in New York played no part in my decision—but, of course, we will have to cock an eye at the competition." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Coming to Grips with Reagan

The press has a long history of underestimating Ronald Reagan, which may be why it still has trouble laying a glove on him. Of course, columnists and commentators who are paid to have opinions are in there mixing all the time, but it is the reportorial press that has the problem. Reagan uses anecdotes to great political effect in his speeches, pat-a-caking them into neat, sugar-coated homilies, but his facts often turn out to be wrong. Lately, according to Lou Cannon of the Washington *Post*, two sets of Jewish leaders have described a story told them by the President: he had been a member of an Army unit that photographed Nazi camps and therefore would never forget the Holocaust. Cannon, who as a Reagan biographer knows him well, says the President "spent the war with the First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Corps, making training films in Hollywood and living at home." When asked, Reagan said he had never left the country and was talking about a Holocaust film he had seen at the time. Being caught in misstatements, which can be so devastating to other Presidents, seems not to hurt Reagan at all, as if the public had accepted his factual carelessness long ago.

In a perceptive article last fall in the *New Republic*, Sidney Blumenthal concluded that the press and Reagan see truth differently. To the press, "collections of facts add up to the truth, particularly if the facts are balanced." Reagan, Blumenthal believes, gets his truth from his ideology; to him facts are means, "parables tailored to have a moral."

Loose with facts, fast with anecdotes

Reagan commands television better than any anchorman, which enables him to go over the heads of Washington journalists. Print pundits seem to matter to the White House principally because they influence broadcasters. But Reagan dislikes press conferences and has held only one this year. He can be bothered in two ways. Unglamorous print journalists ask factual questions that can expose his ignorance. As for TV types, their questions aim for a flustered on-camera response from Reagan. Andrea Mitchell, NBC: "Can you say to those parents, now that you've withdrawn the Marines to the ships, why more than 260 young men died there?" Bill Plante, CBS, frequently cites an unnamed "those" as authority for his questions: "Well, sir, what's your response to those who suggest that you don't spend enough time at the job of being President?" On the nightly TV news, however, Reagan is able to score unopposed by reading out some simplified snippet, knowing this is as much as the networks want to hear from him.

The President can also disappear from TV screens when it suits him. No videotape exists of his ordering the Marines to retreat to the ships; this was one announcement he did not make on-camera. As his former political strategist John Sears says, "He walks away from more political car crashes than anyone."

Reagan gets poorer marks from commentators and columnists than from the public. The liberal Anthony Lewis calls him "a rigid, ignorant, irresponsible President." Reagan's Tory friend George F. Will thinks Reagan's budget proposals "patently cynical," sarcastically refers to the Marines "retreating tall," and compares Lebanon to the Bay of Pigs. The New York *Times's* James Reston, dean of Washington journalists (he is about a year older than Reagan), believes Reagan's record "the most vulnerable target the Democrats have had since Herbert Hoover" but sees a wide gap between those who follow events closely and those who do not. As Joseph Kraft has written, "It is very hard to challenge pleasant fictions without seeming harsh to a public that likes Reagan."

Election year gives the press a chance to prove that it can scrutinize Democrats as severely as it does Reagan. In succession, Glenn, Mondale, Jackson and Hart have been sharply examined. But it is not up to reporters to cut down either the President or his opponents, though some seem eager to try. As the campaign warms up, it becomes easier for the press evenhandedly to let Republican and Democratic candidates savage one another.

"First," the latest chair by De Lucchi

Positively Memphis: Karl Lagerfeld's Riviera apartment

Fanciful accessories on a tipsy trolley

Design

Wild Beat of Memphis

Bizarre new furniture sets trends, but makes the critics carp

Whether turning out sleek cameras or sophisticated cars, Italy has been the acknowledged capital of industrial design for a decade. Products penciled on Milan drawing boards seem to appear in museum collections even before they reach the assembly line. Now, thanks to a furniture group called Memphis, Milan is also the focus of the design world's hot new controversy.

The informal consortium of some 30 designers from eight countries has provoked some of the fiercest skirmishes since 1926, when U.S. Customs agents pondered whether Brancusi's *Bird in Space* was a work of art or a mere metal implement. Some are hailing Memphis as a quantum leap. Says Bill Lacy, president of New York's Cooper Union: "It's bold and shocking, a new way of thinking about furnishings." Its products grace several museum collections and have been featured in more than 200 magazine articles. But the group's self-conscious combination of campy references to the '50s and contemporary glitz has not impressed everyone. While he admires the bravado, U.S. Designer George Nelson notes that Memphis seems unconcerned with such staples as utility and affordability. Says he: "There's a bottomless appetite for novelty in the age of hype. The interesting thing is why they chose to call it furniture." And the Museum of Modern Art's director of architecture and design, Arthur Drexler, refuses to mount a Memphis show at MOMA. Says he: "Announcing that it's all deeply philosophical gives the media a peg to hang it on. But it's only a mix of California funk, 1920s Kurt Schwitters [the German Dadaist], and a few things that have been lying around unclaimed." Still, Ben Lloyd, an editor at *Metropolitan Home* magazine, speaks for many in the design world when he states that "Memphis has made furniture much more politically interesting than before."

If it has, the politics are those of anarchy. The group's 185 pieces of seating, storage, fabrics, rugs and accessories, produced over the past three years, loudly refute the tubular chrome-and-black-leather commandments of accepted modern style. Their form follows fantasy, and they owe more to the media messages of Marshall McLuhan than to the Bauhaus minimalism of Architect Mies van der Rohe. Memphis' latest whimsical collection of 66 pieces went partially on view earlier this month at the trendy Grace Designs showroom in Dallas, the Janus Gallery in Los Angeles and the Limn in San Francisco, and will soon open in New York City. The furniture draws smiles from viewers with its unlikely shapes. Pop art palette and a look of imminent collapse. Table legs lean toward disaster and supports bend as if fatigued. Spanish Designer Javier Mariscal's glass-and-red-metal trolley, called Hilton (all Memphis furniture is named for hotels), has a drunken, unsteady look due to its listing frame, although it is actually serviceable and solid. Italian Designer Michele De Lucchi's marble table, Sebastopole, seems to balance precariously on two brown bowling balls.

In every piece, Memphis impudently employs the twin taboos of modernism: pattern and ornament. Many are covered with vividly hued plastic laminate or sport metallic-threaded fabrics, and some are decorated with colored light bulbs. Los Angeles Designer Peter Shire's ironing-board–shaped table, Brazil, is finished in sea green, pink and yellow lacquer. It could serve as an animated cartoon prop, the perfect background for Tom and Jerry. Memphis Founder Ettore Sottsass Jr. has gone further. His Park Lane coffee table is strictly from Oz: a giant black marble aspirin resting on delicate emerald green feet.

For Sottsass, 66, such contradictions are nothing new. Following his Turin university days, the Austrian-born designer witnessed the transition of Italian architecture from fascist monument to utilitarian modern. He became an acclaimed leader of the spare and sensuous new style in the 1960s, creating innovative and clean-lined office furniture and machinery for Olivetti, a task he still performs. But influenced by the Pop painting of Roy Lichtenstein, rock music and Indian mysticism, he surprised colleagues with Olivetti's plastic Valentine portable typewriter. He later did a table and stools called Mickey Mouse, and designed a disco outside Beirut. The restless maestro explains his professional schizophrenia in typically surreal terms: "If you see a girl in a bathing suit in the morning and an evening dress at night, you don't have to ask if she's the same girl."

Sottsass created Memphis in late 1980, he says, to "get rid of institutional rhetoric." The replacement? What he calls "suburban slang." The name appropriately comes from rock: Bob Dylan's *Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again* happened to be playing the night Sottsass crystalized the project with half a dozen young followers. His oddly hued, plastic-laminate–covered Carlton room divider, whose bookshelves extend at eccentric angles, is intentionally haphazard-looking. Since books tend to settle on an incline anyway, reasoned Sottsass, why force them to stand at attention? With a core

committee in Milan. Sottsass informally reviews proposals and commissions plans from like-minded designers. "We are explorers out in unmapped places," he says. "We are not trying to define truth. We just want to keep exploring."

The Memphis quest, claims Sottsass, "implies an optimism that the body is always winning. The puritanical, Catholic approach of 'less is more' is wrong because we know that all Catholics are sinners." Yet Sottsass's domestic décor is far more spartan than hedonistic. His Milan apartment and office are simply furnished, with plain tables and black plastic chairs. Says he: "I have to be free of any outside information to concentrate. I would like to live in a monastery."

Memphis clients prefer more luxurious locales. Trend- and jet-setters always crowd Memphis openings in Europe and the U.S.; Couturier Karl Lagerfeld has completely done his Riviera apartment with Memphis, including a silk-cushioned, wooden-roped conversation pit by Japanese Masanori Umeda, in the shape of a boxing ring. The style is catching on with professional decorators as well. In Houston, a beauty salon and a cocktail lounge are currently being furnished exclusively with Memphis. The largest single professional group who buy the disturbing style, reports Lorry Parks, a partner in Dallas and Houston's Grace Designs, are affluent psychiatrists.

The prices are enough to send anyone to the couch. Some chairs go for $5,500, sofas for $6,200 and Architect Michael Graves' maple, brass and lacquered wood single-bed unit fetches a breathtaking $19,500. But Memphis' business-minded president Ernesto Gismondi, who also owns the highly successful Artemide line, is pushing for more marketable designs and prices. Memphis' latest edition sports straighter legs, more illuminating lamps and affordable price tags. "First," a metal-and-wood side chair by De Lucchi, for instance, sells for $275.

Will Memphis' innovation trickle down from the trendy heights? The one who seems least curious is Sottsass. "We are not designing for eternity. For me obsolescence is just the sugar of life." With the orders picking up in Milan, the immediate future of Memphis looks sweet indeed. ***—By J.D. Reed. Reported by Roberto Suro/Milan***

VITTORIANO RASTELLI

Ettore Sottsass and his "Carlton" room divider: vividly expressing "an optimism that the body is always winning"

Plaintiff Marian Guinn at Collinsville church: "It was none of their business"

Marian and the Elders

Accused of fornication, a woman hales her church into court

People lined up 45 minutes early each day to get a seat. Spillover spectators stood along the walls or perched on windowsills. A law student from California had come to Tulsa for the event; one man had driven down from Washington State. Most of the nearly 200 people in the audience, however, were Oklahoma churchgoers, some of whom clutched Bibles to check out passages on sex and sin referred to by the speakers.

Though the bench seats resembled pews, this was no prairie Bible conference: it was a four-day trial in state district court in Tulsa. And the person described in the courtroom as a sinner, diminutive 36-year-old Nurse Marian Guinn, was not on trial; her accusers were Guinn was suing her church and its elders for $1.3 million in damages for publicly condemning her sexual behavior. She charged that in denouncing her, the Church of Christ in nearby Collinsville (pop. 3,500) had invaded her privacy, intentionally causing emotional distress and shattering her "whole world."

The trouble began in 1981 after Guinn, a divorcee with four children, began seeing former Collinsville Mayor Pat Sharp, a divorced man. Confronted by the three elders who govern the church, Guinn admitted to an affair. Her confession, she says, was to remain confidential. When she refused their demand to repent in front of the entire 110-member congregation, the elders issued an ultimatum: if she did not confess publicly in two weeks they would issue a formal statement to the congregation denouncing her "fornication" and calling on members to "withdraw fellowship" from her.

"I did everything but get down on my knees, pleading with them not to bring this before the congregation," Guinn told the court. "I'm not saying I wasn't guilty. I was. But it was none of their business." She quit the church to prevent the action, but the elders read the announcement anyway, contending that she would remain a member until they expelled her. Last week Guinn's lawyer, Thomas Frasier, likened the church's action to the public branding of the adulteress Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Said Frasier of the Guinn-Sharp relationship: "He was a single man. She was a single lady. And this is America."

The elders argued that they had an absolute right to practice their religion as Church of Christ tradition dictates. The 13,000 Churches of Christ in the U.S. are noted for monitoring and disciplining the lives of their 1.3 million adult members. As the elders testified, Churches of Christ seek to apply literally every word of the New Testament. In *Matthew 18: 15-17*, Jesus Christ lays out the procedure for dealing with a wrongdoer. The final step: "If he refuses to listen to them, tell it to the church; and if he refuses to listen even to the church, let him be to you as a Gentile and a tax collector." The churches interpret this as requiring the kind of treatment that was meted out to Guinn.

The Tulsa jury chose a different interpretation. It sided with Guinn, and the court awarded her $390,000, more than the Collinsville congregation's entire proceeds for six years. "A wrong was made right," said a pleased Guinn. As for the church, Elder Roy Witten said, "If Marian were to come back tomorrow, we would welcome her with open arms and the angels in heaven would join with us." ■

Vatican Warning

Liberationists are assailed

How can Christianity best serve as an effective advocate for the world's poor and oppressed? One answer is a movement known as "liberation theology." Its proponents, who view history in Marxist terms, work to raise the consciousness of the downtrodden in what they see as a class struggle. A fringe element has even flirted with revolutionary violence. Developed in the late 1960s among Latin American Roman Catholics, liberation theology has spread with increasing force throughout the Third World, as well as among leftist Catholic and Protestant circles in Europe and North America.

Pope John Paul came up against the movement directly during his tour of Central America a year ago. He was especially alarmed by the campaign in Nicaragua to drive a wedge between the Catholic hierarchy and a "people's church" inspired by liberationist thinking. Upon his return to Rome, John Paul commissioned a special study of the problem by the Vatican's top theologian, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger.

Ratzinger's response is a ringing denunciation. Originally delivered in private last September at a weekly meeting of the Pope and his cabinet, Ratzinger's report appeared last week in *30 Giorni* (30 Days), an Italian Catholic monthly. Though not a formal Vatican decree, the document is known to reflect the Pope's thinking and is the toughest theological attack yet mounted from the top level of the church.

John Paul's speeches have warned against the advocacy of violence for social change, and against trying to build social action on a Marxist foundation. Cardinal Ratzinger goes further, identifying liberation theology as a serious doctrinal error. Ratzinger concedes that the movement might never have arisen if the church had been more aggressive in attacking oppression. However, he firmly rejects the approach of liberation theologians who, he says, use Marxism to interpret the Bible in their own way and who believe they can adopt Marxism's techniques without its atheism. He accuses such writer-priests as Gustavo Gutierrez of Peru and Jon Sobrino of El Salvador of transforming spiritual concepts into political ones.

A liberal-minded Jesuit in Rome doubts that "Ratzinger can pull the rug out from under priests like Gutierrez and Sobrino. They probably will only say 'That's his opinion.' " But the Vatican is highly unlikely to leave it at that. Ratzinger, noting that liberation theology "steadily attracts more and more" priests and nuns, declares it to be a "fundamental danger for the faith." A strategy to confront the movement is now, he warns, "urgent." ■

Want to see how fast Volkswagens really go?

Hollywood Catches the Rock Beat

Sound tracks have become the key to orchestrating a box-office hit

Like the war whoops and thundering hoofbeats that always preceded the Indians in old westerns, Paramount's new hit musical *Footloose* was heard well before it was seen. The title song, performed by Kenny Loggins, was sent to radio stations six weeks before the movie opened. A second single from the movie, Shalamar's *Dancing in the Sheets*, was released three weeks later, and a third, Bonnie Tyler's *Holding Out for Hero*, a week after that. The sound-track album and a promotional video also came out weeks before the movie. When the film itself finally opened around the country in mid-February, the groundwork had been laid: *Footloose* the movie was the nation's top-grossing film for the first three weeks of its release and has earned $38 million at the box office so far; *Footloose* the album, with sales of more than a million, is currently No. 5 on the *Billboard* charts; and *Footloose* the single is No. 4. Of such stuff are multimedia successes made.

Footloose is probably the most sophisticated example yet of the prominent role that musical sound tracks are playing in the marketing of Hollywood movies. Music used to be merely an afterthought or, at best, a happy byproduct of the movie. But the success of *Saturday Night Fever* in 1977, with its hit Bee Gees score, taught Hollywood a valuable lesson: rock sound tracks can be not only big sellers but big promotional tools for the films they embellish. The lesson was resoundingly driven home with last year's *Flashdance*, whose album (4.9 million copies sold in the U.S.), hit singles like *What a Feeling*, and omnipresent videos helped turn a mediocre film into a sleeper success, grossing $97 million in the U.S. and Canada.

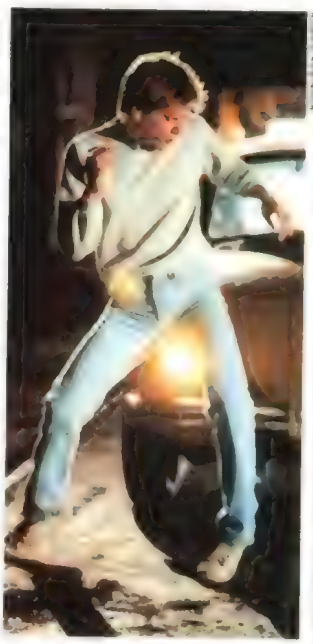
Flashdance was just one of five sound tracks that ranked among the 50 top-selling albums of 1983 (along with *Staying Alive*, *Yentl*, *The Big Chill* and *Return of the Jedi*), and Hollywood will try to launch several more in the coming months. The most elaborate after *Footloose* may be *Streets of Fire*, a futuristic rock fable directed by Walter Hill (*The Warriors*, *48 Hrs.*) and featuring Marine Jahan, the unbilled dancer who doubled for Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*. Scheduled to open in June, the film includes songs by Stevie Nicks, Tom Petty and others.

In addition, Rick Springfield will star in and perform the music for another rock-oriented movie, *Hard to Hold*; one single, *Love Somebody*, has already been released, though the film is not due until April. The beat will go on with such upcoming movies as *Purple Rain* (music by Prince) and *Beat Street* (Afrika Bambaataa and Soulsonic Force, among others).

"Producers now are more aware of how contemporary music can help sell a film," says Gordon Weaver, president of marketing for Paramount's motion-picture division, who just returned from a month-long tour of Europe, Australia and the Far East to negotiate record deals for *Footloose*. (His airplane seatmate was a print of the film, traveling under the name F. Luce to ward off potential pirates.) Most of the major studios have hired music consultants to help develop sound tracks, and record producers are being brought in to work with directors early on. Says Phil Ramone, who co-produced the sound-track albums for *Flashdance* and *Yentl*: "Music producers are now an integral part of the creative process, rather than being called in after the fact."

Although the studio typically gets a percentage of sales from an album, the record's greatest value lies in the attention it draws to the film. "Every time a record plays, it's a commercial for the movie," says Jeanne Theis, former promotion director for the Stigwood Organization. Composer Jim Steinman, who wrote one number for *Footloose* and two for *Streets of Fire*, puts it more delicately: "A sound track represents an efficient and imaginative way of communicating the essence of a film to a potential audience. It is like hints of perfume in the air."

Industry observers trace the current boom in rock sound tracks to several factors: the burgeoning teen audience, which is also the heaviest buyer of rock albums; the advent of music videos; and a new generation of film executives who grew up in the rock era. Jay Lasker, president of Motown Records, offers a more down-to-earth theory. The proliferation of multicinema complexes in shopping malls, he contends, has been a boon for impulse buyers. Says he: "After the movie, when you're all pumped up, you can walk two doors down to the record store to buy the album."



Bacon boogieing in *Footloose*

Jahan ablaze in *Streets of Fire*

"Every time a record plays, it's a commercial for the movie."

Ideally, a movie and its musical score should match and work together. The question is whether the musical tail is starting to wag the celluloid dog—both in the choice of what films are produced and in the changes made to accommodate music. A concert scene in the upcoming *Oh God III*, for example, was expanded to allow for a music video. "Studios are evaluating the viability of music in every project," says Joel Sill, vice president of music at Warner Bros. "The film must be served first, but if you can expand a scene to include music and a video clip, it always makes sense." Adds Danny Goldberg, contemporary-music consultant for 20th Century-Fox: "It isn't my function to tell a director what to do, but I think a film that has music these days becomes a little more attractive as an investment."

Producers insist that the sound-track boom has not marred their judgment of what makes a good film. Moreover, even the youngest of the new Hollywood moguls can recall the heady months following *Saturday Night Fever*. The studios scrambled to duplicate that film's success and came up with such box-office flops as *FM*, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* and *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Says *Footloose* Executive Producer Daniel Melnick: "If you don't have a picture the audience really enjoys, you could have 100 hours a week on MTV and it wouldn't help." On the other hand, Hollywood seems to be reasoning, it can't hurt. —*By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles*

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983

The Downhill Road from Troy

THE MARCH OF FOLLY *by Barbara W. Tuchman; Knopf; 447 pages; $18.95*

The thread of folly that runs through Barbara Tuchman's books is a filament of doom. In *The Guns of August*, a wrongheaded French strategy in the first days of World War I leads inexorably to the deadlock of the trenches. The tensions and energies of *fin-de-siècle* Europe and America in *The Proud Tower* are primed to explode in that same war. And the chaos of the 14th century becomes *A Distant Mirror* of the modern distemper.

In her latest work, this fatal thread becomes the whole cloth, as Tuchman explores the nature of governmental folly and dissects some choice examples: the Renaissance papacy, 18th century England, the 20th century U.S. Folly, as Tuchman defines it, is not simply incompetence or tyranny or hubris, but rather "the pursuit of policy contrary to self-interest." She requires that the policy was perceived as folly in its own time, that a sensible alternative was available, and that the policy nonetheless was carried out by a group over more than one political lifetime. She makes one exception to that last criterion, the brief episode of the wooden horse at Troy.

Tuchman seizes on the legend as evidence that such folly "is an old and inherent human habit." But her purpose seems deeper. The tale, told most memorably by Vergil in the *Aeneid*, portrays the Trojans as victims of fate. Despite the urgings of citizens that the Greek gift be destroyed or at least broken open, Troy's leaders take it in, hidden Greeks and all, because the gods have so ordained. That excuse will not do for Tuchman. "The gods (or God, for that matter) are a concept of the human mind," she writes. "The gods' interference ... is man's device for transferring the responsibility of folly."

To Tuchman, character is fate, and the characters who blunder through her book are ineluctably fatal to cause or country. The six Renaissance Popes Tuchman puts to the knife are old and easy targets, always diverting to re-examine for some moments of low humor or lofty dudgeon. The author may be a bit extravagant in her criticism, as when she says that Alexander VI, the infamous Borgia Pope, was "as close to the prince of darkness as human beings are likely to come." What then of Caligula? Or Stalin? Or Hitler? But she correctly upbraids the Pontiffs for squandering the papacy's moral standing in Christendom. Whether they "provoked" the Protestant revolt, as Tuchman says, or only abetted it, they lost the respect of bishops and princes who otherwise might not have accommodated the forces of nationalism and economic advantage that fueled the Reformation.

On one count, Tuchman damns Popes from both ends of her pencil. She takes Alexander VI to task for granting an undeserved annulment to the French King, Louis XII, and thereby scandalizing the faithful. A few pages later she faults Clement VII for bowing to Habsburg political pressure and denying an annulment to Henry VIII of England.

Tuchman's standards of folly are less slippery in her magisterial chapters on the British loss of the American colonies. This is vintage Tuchman, where the villains are unreasonable rather than vicious. The principle in question, after all, is debatable. Did Parliament have the right to levy taxes without granting representation to the Americans? Perhaps it did, suggests the author, but the pertinent question was: Could England enforce the right? The answer was no, yet despite sharp reminders from the obstreperous colonies and increasingly vehement critics at home, London marched pigheadedly toward war. When war came, it was managed no better. England lost valuable colonies that might have made a loyal dominion, she suggests, creating a transatlantic power that could have "deterred challengers and perhaps spared the world the Great War of 1914-18 and its unending sequels."

Tuchman's deft sketches in this segment afford a rare and vivid picture of the England that made America free. She finds herself often quoting "the unavoidable Edmund Burke," but drolly notes at one point that the Irish orator who defended the colonies "was talking nonsense as, given his enormous outpouring of words, he frequently did." She watches as the great William Pitt the Elder returns to government on a sea of popularity, only to dash his admirers' hopes by resigning from Commons to become Earl of Chat-

Greeks and Trojans battle after the wooden horse enters Troy; below, Barbara Tuchman

Julius II, the warrior-Pope

THOMAS VICTOR

William Pitt the Elder

ham. In the end, he is a tragic figure, collapsing in Lords as he gives a rambling speech bemoaning the loss of Empire.

America's loss of face in Viet Nam reaches no such heights. Tuchman despises the actors in this play, dismissing some with heavy irony ("that bold leader Hubert Humphrey"). The drama is familiar by now, and Tuchman rehearses it in discomfiting detail. The missed opportunities are the most haunting: Truman's lost chance to aid Ho Chi Minh in the 1940s; Eisenhower's lost chance to disengage from an incompetent Ngo Dinh Diem in the 1950s; Kennedy's lost chance to withdraw in the 1960s—an opportunity he postponed to the second term he never got to serve. Tuchman relentlessly forces the reader to review the mistakes of the country's misspent years.

Her intent, of course, is not to discourage but to enlighten; she believes that the U.S. is repeating the sins of the past in the "imbecility in El Salvador." She is rightly concerned about the "impotence of reason" in controlling history, but the worry is hardly new. She flails about at scapegoats, at Freud for subjecting modern man to "the controlling power of the dark, buried forces of the soul," and at Christianity for surrendering "personal responsibility" to the "command of God and the Devil." If she had delved into Luther deeper than the notorious indulgences issue, or followed her interest in Plato to his Christian counterpart Augustine—or for that matter concentrated on Freud instead of Freudians—she might have found kindred spirits as eager as she is to discover some glimmer of free will in the dross of human imperfection.

She talks of the "brief brilliant reign" of reason in the 18th century, but it did not enlighten those resolutely wrong colonial experts in England. To see reason at its worst, she might have examined at more length the self-destructive phenomenon that she only touches on in her introduction: the French Revolution.

The lessons Tuchman offers in *The March of Folly*, in short, may not be worth the drone of the lecture. Tuchman's enduring virtues have been the clarity and grace of her elegant sentences, spinning out images of the past that took the reader to the scene. In this new enterprise she sometimes seems too much in a hurry to pause for that valuable indulgence. Her dense, rapid-fire synopsis of the siege and fall of Troy is, inexplicably, almost as wooden as the horse. Her enthusiastic expedition into papal territory (where she solemnly scolds, but obviously admires, the ferocious warrior-Pope Julius II) stops dead for impenetrable paragraphs dealing with Renaissance politics. The sharply polemical tone in the Viet Nam section undermines the intended message.

Only in the evenhanded section on the American Revolution does Tuchman display her great virtues at their best. That subject could have consumed a book. It should have been this one. —**By Mayo Mohs**

Diffident Owl

FINAL REPORTS *by Richard Rovere*
Doubleday; 244 pages; $16.95

To call Richard Rovere a political reporter would be to call Tocqueville a travel writer or Boswell a gossip columnist. "I'm really not especially interested in politics," Rovere insists in this posthumous collection of previously unpublished reflections and autobiographical snippets. Instead: his quarry is "American life in all its wonder and looniness."

Rovere has a caricaturist's instinct for the grotesqueries of stump and smoke-choked room, of presidential campaigns, congressional hearings ("Nothing that Washington has to offer comes closer to theater") and state visits. He is at Nikita Khrushchev's elbow when the Soviet leader praises the bleak industrial landscape of the New Jersey Turnpike as a symbol of American dynamism; with Bess and Harry Truman as the couple, in bathrobes, bid good night from the back of their campaign train to an impromptu crowd of fellow ordinary Americans. Rovere's political analyses—about the Truman Administration's crippling venality, John Foster Dulles' domination of the Eisenhower Administration, John Kennedy's lack of specific goals—are often sharply unconventional. Unlike other liberal admirers of Adlai Stevenson, for instance, Rovere concludes that the Democrat would have been a "disaster" as President, unable to control the military, the McCarthyites and his party's ward heelers.

DAVID GAHR

Richard Rovere
America in all its wonder and looniness.

If Rovere betrays a weakness, it is modesty. "What I feel is a certain thinness in my work, a certain choppiness, a reluctance to take on and see to completion any work that will take more than a few days or a few weeks," he complains. "I have spent God knows how many unproductive hours asking myself if I was really put on this earth to write about the likes of Richard Nixon and Joe McCarthy." A bit too harsh a verdict; but then Rovere did not come to writing easily. He flunked the first grade in his Brooklyn elementary school, was diagnosed a slow learner and never thought about making words his life's work until a high school football injury gave him a long stretch of hospital time for reading. After an uncomfortable journalistic debut as a subeditor on that now defunct "independent" Communist journal *The New Masses*, Rovere was hired as a writer by William Shawn, then *The New Yorker's* managing editor. A few years later Shawn and Harold Ross, the magazine's founding editor, assigned him to write about politics as if he were a critic reviewing a book or play. Thereafter, diffident and a bit owlish, the critic plied the provinces with nearly every would-be President from Thomas Dewey to Jimmy Carter. Rovere also found time to write eight nonfiction books and countless shorter works, most notably a straight-faced 1961 article for *American Scholar* on the existence of an "American Establishment," a spoof so successful that scholars began debating the subject seriously.

"There have been millions of words—too many by far," he concludes, "many that I know I would regret if I steeled myself to review them all again. And for me, as for most twentieth-century Americans, work has been mainly a series of interludes—son, husband, father, traveler, wage earner, victim, victimizer."

Oddly, it is in those nonworking interludes that Rovere glows. He describes his warmly hospitable household up the Hudson from New York City (he commuted to Washington periodically by train) and the crushing anxiety of waiting for his son to return from a hitch as a helicopter pilot in Viet Nam. That ordeal of fatherhood only sharpened Rovere's angry 1968 assessment of the war, *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy*. Finally, from his hospital bed, he sends up a frustrated flare: "If I were applying for employment, I would have to describe myself as having spent the last year staving off death as a fireman puts down flames. Oh, but I hate it, hate it, hate it . . . I seem to myself to become pettier and meaner and more selfish by the hour." Again, he is far too modest. Shortly afterward, in the fall of 1979, he wrote a typically graceful, large-hearted paean to his nurses ("able, generous and a pleasure to be with in difficult times"). He died a few days later. In an introduction to the book, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., an old friend, praises Rovere as "preeminently a civilized man—decent, fair-minded, responsible, skeptical, honorable." Rovere, ever the skeptic, would have disagreed elegantly. —**By Donald Morrison**

Humor and homicide: James Stewart with Grace Kelly in *Rear Window*

Voyeurism and necrophilia: Stewart with Kim Novak in *Vertigo*

The Master Who Knew Too Much

Five "new" Hitchcock films reaffirm his box-office magnetism

You can't keep a good man down. Like the corpse in *The Trouble with Harry* who just won't stay buried, Alfred Hitchcock keeps popping out of his grave to terrify and delight new audiences. The puckish shockmaster died in 1980, but his ghost is everywhere. In the bookstores: Donald Spoto's fulsome biography, *The Dark Side of Genius*, has racked up healthy sales as the latest of a dozen Hitchcock studies. In the news: a Hitchcock documentary on Nazi Germany's extermination of the Jews was aired last December on a national news program in Britain. In museums: Manhattan's Museum of Broadcasting is showing a two-month retrospective of the 18 films Hitchcock directed for TV. Even on the fashion pages: Couturier Paul Monroe has unveiled a new line of "Hitchcock dresses," including a *Rope* T shirt, with its coiling cord, and a *Psycho* frock that mimics a certain shower curtain in the Bates motel.

This would merely be the latest spasm of cannibal chic—the recycling of pop-culture artifacts that produces Top 40 homages to the Three Stooges and drag queens in Marilyn Monroe sequins—if it were not for a more significant revival. Five Hitchcock films are back where they belong, in the movie theaters, after 20 years in distribution limbo. Constituting the best and the least of Hitchcock's work during his most productive decade (1948-58), the "forbidden five" are once again demonstrating their director's box-office magnetism. *Rear Window* (1954), the first of the quintet to be re-released, has earned $6.8 million in just five months, and *Vertigo* (1958) has taken in more than $3 million since the end of December. *The Trouble with Harry* (1955) has just opened to good business, and similar grosses are expected for *Rope* (1948) and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1956).

For older moviegoers, the reappearance of these films offers a chance to fit half-forgotten pleasures (the flashbulb climax of *Rear Window*, the clashing of cymbals in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, the bell-tower climb in *Vertigo*) into familiar patterns. But a gratifyingly large part of the audience consists of young people who may know Hitchcock only as the little fat figure with the funereal air who hosted a TV show back in the black-and-white '50s. Until now, their image of the man and his work was that of a brand name without a product. "Hitchcock" might suggest a certain kind of movie—suspenseful, shocking, grimly humorous—but one that was known secondhand, through the imitations of Brian De Palma, François Truffaut, Stanley Donen, John Carpenter, the James Bond series and a hundred gory slasher movies (the deformed children of *Psycho*). Now young viewers can enjoy the original Hitchcocks, all of which play variations on a favorite theme: the need for a guilty person to be discovered as the perpetrator of his real or imagined crime.

There are thrills, wit, cinematic legerdemain here. But anyone who expects to find a string of masterpieces will be disappointed. *The Trouble with Harry* is a desultory exercise in macabre whimsy and naturalistic acting at its most mannered. *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, a remake (of Hitchcock's 1934 British thriller) that is 45 minutes longer than the original, languishes in travelogue for its first half, then indulges in *frissons* that for this director are routine. The technical bravado of *Rope* (the entire 80-min. film comprises just twelve shots, as opposed to several hundred for the average feature) does not quite justify the homoerotic hamminess of John Dall and Farley Granger as the two college psychopaths. That leaves *Rear Window*, a delicious entertainment mixing romance, voyeurism, homicide and humor with the purring sensuousness and perfect waxed beauty of the young Grace Kelly, and *Vertigo*, a gorgeously illustrated textbook of Hitchcock's themes that meets just about every criterion for movie greatness.

It can be risky for a viewer to sweep too many thematic generalizations into this dusty pile of celluloid. Indeed, a cynic would declare that the only thing this quintet has in common is Hitchcock's greed. The film maker always had an acute eye for commerce. He worked in an economically reliable genre with the industry's biggest stars. He would agree to dump a longtime collaborator like Composer Bernard Herrmann (who worked on eight Hitchcock films from 1955 to 1964) if the studio applied pressure. And when asked why he withheld these five films from theaters and TV, he replied, "We wanted more money." It was only after his death that his estate struck a deal with Universal Classics to release them to film fans and scholars.

Hitchcock: profit with honor

There is no contradiction between Hitchcock's canny conservatism and his directorial eminence; profit and honor went hand in glove. Even his brief cameo appearances (sil-

houetted in the neon skyline of *Rope*, for example) are a playful cue to the viewer to watch every frame for tricks and revelations. The qualities that made him the world's best-known moviemaker were precisely the ones that made him one of the best film artists.

Working within the narrow format of the suspense picture, he could experiment with technical effects and psychological extremes. Knowing that his audience was with him, he could take them to disturbing new places. Arguing that "it's only a movie," he could fulfill his ambition to create "pure cinema": the manipulation of universal emotions by camera placement, shot duration, the dramatic use of color, sound and editing. As two future film makers, Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol, wrote of the director in 1957, "In Hitchcock's work, form does not embellish content, it creates it." Hitchcock, less interested in universal theories than in the international box office, put his artistic aims more matter of factly: "The Japanese audience should scream at the same time as the Indian audience."

In the five re-released films, screams are at a minimum. Most of the mayhem—the stabbing in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, the strangling in *Vertigo*, the dismembering in *Rear Window*, the death in *The Trouble with Harry*—takes place offscreen. Only the gruesome garroting in *Rope* is shown to the viewer, and that at the film's beginning. But if the viewer's desire for crime is not satisfied, the character's compulsion for punishment is. In *Rope*, two bright young men kill a classmate, hide his body in a living-room chest, then throw a party as a way of daring or pleading to be found out. In *The Trouble with Harry* a corpse, lying in supine complacence on a New England hillside, is discovered by four different people, all convinced they are either murderers or accessories. In *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, a bickering pair of tourists (James Stewart and Doris Day) allow their son to wander off into a kidnaper's clutches, as a dying man's guilty secret sticks to Stewart like the swarthy makeup that comes off in his hands.

Where there is an exhibitionist there must also be a voyeur; in Hitchcock's world they make a perfect sadomasochistic pair. In *Rear Window* it is a salesman-killer (Raymond Burr) and a photographer with a broken leg (Stewart) who lives across the courtyard. This roving lensman may be immobile for the moment, but he knows how to extract meaning from pictures—and there is something wrong with this one. He turns amateur detective and puts his "leg man" (Kelly) at risk digging holes in a mysterious garden, clambering into second-story windows, even confronting Mr. Bad. Early in the film, the exhibitionist is discovered; at the end, Stewart the voyeur is. And every Peeping Tom in the audience must feel a naked identification with a hero who is terrified and unable to flee.

Vertigo takes this Hitchcockian transference of guilt—from criminal to innocent onlooker to movie watcher—one disturbing step further. Scottie Ferguson (Stewart) is another immobilized hero; the former detective's fear of heights had resulted in the death of a policeman. Now an old college chum has put Scottie on the trail of his disturbed wife Madeleine (Kim Novak), who believes herself possessed by the spirit of her suicidal great-great-grandmother. Scottie follows Madeleine up and down the hills of San Francisco, a vertiginous setting where even the streets have lost their balance. At first he is the detective tracking his suspect; then he is an infatuated schoolboy duped by glamour; he could also be the moviegoer transfixed by the light on the screen, or a director turning an actress into a fantasy figure or a psychoanalyst falling in love with his

Stewart as *The Man Who Knew Too Much*
The guilt comes off on his hands.

patient—falling, always falling, into and out of a dream that keeps slipping beyond his reach. Then, abruptly, Madeleine dies, and Scottie finds himself still in love, in a necrophilic passion for what was or may never have been.

Hitchcock is in brilliant form here: building his seductive, nightmare logic; choreographing a wordless nine-minute sequence as Scottie develops the first stirrings of obsession; pointing Stewart's farm-boy common sense inexorably toward sexual neurosis, and fashioning Novak's street-girl sexuality into a dream girl swathed in soft light. In a way, *Vertigo* is also Hitchcock's sidewise confession of cinematic fetishism. Since the early 1930s he had cast as his heroines blond actresses with a cool, taunting magnetism: the aristocrat as slut. Grace Kelly was his ideal ice queen, but she fled from the movies to Monaco. And so, in her image he created a new goddess out of Novak's malleable clay. Today, a quarter-century after making *Vertigo* and four years after his death, the master manipulator steps from behind his camera to incriminate himself in the glorious guilt of the movies. He is not smiling.

—*By Richard Corliss*

MARTHA SWOPE

Nancy Marchand, Michael Lombard and Paul Sparer in a domestic crucible

Theater

A Melodrama of Failed Promise

AWAKE AND SING! *by Clifford Odets*

"A low dishonest decade" was the way W.H. Auden viewed the '30s; he was thinking of politics. Clifford Odets saw those years as a time when "every house was lousy with lies and hate"; he was thinking of the middle class. From the vantage point of a half-century, that appears to be all he ever thought about. It is not the most flattering way to remember the man who was once the lodestar of the Old Left. But then neither is the revival of his melodrama *Awake and Sing!*

When it was first staged in 1935, the play exploded in the faces of complacent audiences who regarded the theater as a means of escape from the Depression. Odets overturned every theatrical bromide. In the crucible of the Berger apartment, Bessie the mother is a tyrannical presence; Myron the father is an ineffectual bumbler. Their heroine daughter Hennie becomes pregnant, foists her child off on an unsuspecting immigrant husband, then runs off with a small-time racketeer. The grandfather spouts Marxist shibboleths ("Abolish private property"). The youngest Berger, Ralph, obviously a mouthpiece for the author, yearns to break free from the suffocating love of his parents.

Awake and Sing! was immeasurably aided by the personnel of the new Group Theater, and by its star, a youth named John Garfield, who ignited the stage when he stepped upon it. But even they could not disguise the strident, metallic lyricism ("Say the word—I'll tango on a dime"). Nor can the current cast hide the muddled thoughts of the author, who felt that "new artworks should shoot bullets" but who filled the theater with smoke.

Although Odets was 28 when he wrote *Awake and Sing!*, he could grant only his older characters credibility. As Bessie, Nancy Marchand has a despairing authority, and as her brother Morty, Michael Lombard combines unctuous self-regard and bone-deep insecurity. As the old, unrepentant radical Jacob, Paul Sparer provides a sense of guttering energy that is supposed to illuminate the hopes of the young. It does nothing of the kind. Brother and sister, husband and lover all perform in a declamatory style more appropriate to pageants than to plays. Moreover, Theodore Mann's direction takes the Bergers' zoo story and makes it sprawl inappropriately on the Circle in the Square's arena stage. Seen in the round, Odets is cruelly exposed; phrases that once seemed freshly coined on the streets of New York now appear to have been copied from bumper stickers ("Life shouldn't be printed on dollar bills").

Awake and Sing! is essentially a story of failed promise. But none was so glaring as the playwright's. Clifford Odets was one of the most applauded writers of his generation; he ended in Hollywood writing unproduced scripts, repudiating his old colleagues and furnishing names to the House Un-American Activities Committee when it came to investigate the film industry. As evidence of his political rightness, Odets showed the Congressmen a pan of *Awake and Sing!* in the *New Masses*: "A situation is created out of nothing just to get across a wisecrack." That is not an entirely unfair appraisal. Odets' single authentic tragedy was the one that occurred offstage.

—*By Stefan Kanfer*

Milestones

MARRIED. Christina Onassis, 33, daughter of the late Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, over whose empire she now presides; and **Thierry Roussel,** 31, French businessman and heir to a pharmaceutical fortune; she for the fourth time, he for the first; in Paris.

SENTENCED. Robert F. Kennedy Jr., 30, arrested last September for possessing two-tenths of a gram of heroin; to two years of probation, continued drug treatments and 1,500 hours of community service; in Rapid City, S. Dak. The suspended sentence, Circuit Judge Marshall Young told Kennedy, was standard for such a first offense and had "nothing to do with your name."

DIED. James Autry, 29, convicted murderer who was 31 minutes away from death last October when a U.S. Supreme Court stay gave him a temporary reprieve; by execution (an intravenous injection of sodium pentothal, Pavulor and potassium chloride); at the Texas state prison in Huntsville. Two days after Autry's execution, North Carolina put to death (also by injection) Killer James Hutchins, 54.

DIED. John Hoagland, 36, photographer for the Gamma-Liaison agency on assignment for *Newsweek*; of a gunshot wound suffered during a skirmish between government and guerrilla forces; near Suchitoto, El Salvador. Hoagland, a Central American specialist who had just been reassigned after a month's stint in Lebanon, was noted for his military knowledge and striking action photographs. He is the tenth foreign journalist killed in El Salvador in the past four years.

DIED. Uwe Johnson, 49, expatriate East German novelist whose works examined the social and spiritua consequences of a divided Germany; of a heart attack; in Sheerness, England. After his first novel was rejected in East Germany, Johnson moved to the West in 1959, where his austere, fragmented prose in *Speculations About Jakob*, *The Third Book About Achim* and *Two Views* made him one of postwar Germany's leading creative voices.

DIED. Aurelio Peccei, 75, Italian industrialist and founding president (in 1968) of the Club of Rome, the international think tank that caused a worldwide stir with its 1972 book *The Limits to Growth*, warning of impending environmental catastrophe; of a heart attack; in Rome.

DIED. James J. Wadsworth, 78, former chief U.S. delegate to the United Nations and one of the Eisenhower Administration's most experienced negotiators with the Soviets; in Rochester, N.Y. Wadsworth served for seven years as Henry Cabot Lodge's deputy at the U.N., becoming chief of the U.S. delegation in 1960, in time to witness—and condemn—Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev's shoe-banging tirade against the West.

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Cuyahoga Falls, OH

Joe Sesi
Sesi L-M
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Bountiful L-M
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Jack Ross Motors
Tempe, AZ

Dwight Krieger
Winter L-M
Sacramento, CA

Ralph G. Grossman
Pacific L-M
Seattle, WA

Essay

A Bouquet for Also-Rans

"I'd like nothing better than to stay in this race and compete in all the caucuses, compete in every single primary and win the nomination of my party. But over the past few weeks it has become clear that in 1984 none of these things are likely to happen."

—Senator John Glenn, withdrawing from the race

Off they drop, one by one, like logrollers dancing frantically to keep their worlds afloat and themselves vertical. But no. There goes the equilibrium, the legs can't hack it. Splash. From the cold white suds, a big brave smile.

Nice try, fellas. Three cheers for Candidates Glenn, Cranston, Hollings, Askew and McGovern. "I know the difference between reality and dreams," said Alan Cranston in his swan song a couple of weeks ago. Did he really know the difference? Wasn't the whole enterprise of running for President a disavowal of that knowledge? Oh, the candidates could sound steeled and pragmatic enough when reality came a-clobbering in Iowa, New Hampshire and on Terrible Tuesday. But up to those points of reckoning, dreams fueled the campaigns, were the order of the day. Wasn't that Reubin Askew snoozing on the hall couch, muttering the oath of office in his sleep? Wake up, Mr. Hollings. You were humming *Hail to the Chief.*

Unrequited love; the very worst kind; of all forms of disappointment, the darkest and most complete. Round the bottom of the staircase stood the suitors in a huddle, cravats perfectly pinned, boutonnieres sprouting from the lapels, a bouquet of roses in each fist. While slowly descended the United States of America played by Scarlett O'Hara, who blew them a kiss, batted her eyes and sailed over to Rhett.

But how the dropouts sought her favor. Old-fashioned swains, shivering at the factory gates before sunrise, grinning for Roger Mudd, shaking snow from their socks. They poured out their hearts to the heartless lady. All for nothing. One hasn't seen such "reality" since Cyrano de Bergerac noticed the shadow of his profile on the garden wall and knew that no woman could love him.

And it wasn't your foreign policy they rejected, gents. Nor your lean-but-prudent defense budget, nor your exquisitely designed tax plan either. It was *you*. That's where it hurt. The American people in their infinite, unexplained, casual wisdom weighed you in the balance, and found your nose too big.

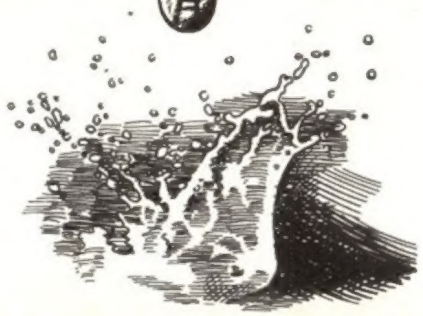
You wonder how things got so bad so quickly. Life certainly wasn't as cruel or unrewarding as this back in 19-something when you ran for class treasurer, or whatever your first ambition happened to be, eh George? Or the time you geared up to make that second run for the Senate. Remember those heady days, Ernest? The new frontiers of politics, John? Or the day you decided to go for broke and take a stab at the governorship, Reubin. Nobody stopped you then. Every Floridian adored you. What could possibly have gone wrong this time? You're the same good fellow you ever were. Ideas progressive, record impeccable, teeth intact. What did they want, Alan—blood? You dyed your hair, you bronzed your skin, you stuffed your face in order to put on ten pounds so's you wouldn't look like a cadaver. What good did it do? No flair, they said. No charisma. What the hell is charisma? In Iowa, you finished behind "Uncommitted." You even made the *de rigueur* joke about *that.* And how did your countrymen respond? They sat out there in the high school gym, row after row of headstones in a churchyard, waiting coolly for the main attractions. But seriously, folks.

Why did you go through it? For the good of the Democratic Party? Undoubtedly it did some good, the sight of all of you lined up onstage during the televised debates, eager A students squirming in your seats, bursting with the correct answers. The enthusiasm, the intelligence, the visible concern; all made a favorable impression. The public saw life in the old machine yet. And you wanted to get your positions across to the voters. You accomplished that as well. Maybe you thought that running for the presidency would be valuable for you personally: self-scrutiny, the exercise of will against fate, that sort of thing. It was certainly useful for *you,* George; you never looked more dignified. And didn't those folks in Des Moines sit up and take notice when you asked them not to throw away their conscience?

Or did you all make the attempt simply because you thought it was the right thing to do? Or perhaps because you didn't know any better. A long time ago, some cockeyed patriot told you that anybody could be President, and you believed it. As strong a motive as any. After all, no one demonstrated how the system operates more dramatically than the also-rans. Before he made his exit official, Glenn told his supporters, "Don't look at it as just putting in effort for me. It's for all of us." We'll buy that. Irrational as the preconvention process is, it somehow manages to work. The candidates glow and fall and make it work. Without Americans like them . . .

But the voice begins to trail off, drowned out by the drums and the horns. Nobody pays much attention to the sidelines. That's part of the process too. Look, Pa, here come the front runners. Autograph, Mr. Hart?

So long, gentlemen. It's been good to know you. Grownups to a man, you gave the campaign a depth of field, a seriousness and a connection to history it would never have had without your lovesick perseverance. You also made it fun. And by the way, you were wrong about the country not loving you back, in its fashion. Didn't you catch the look in the lady's eyes when she threw her arms around you, knowing all the while that she was going to marry someone else? If only she hadn't said that dreadful line: Can't we be friends? —***By Roger Rosenblatt***



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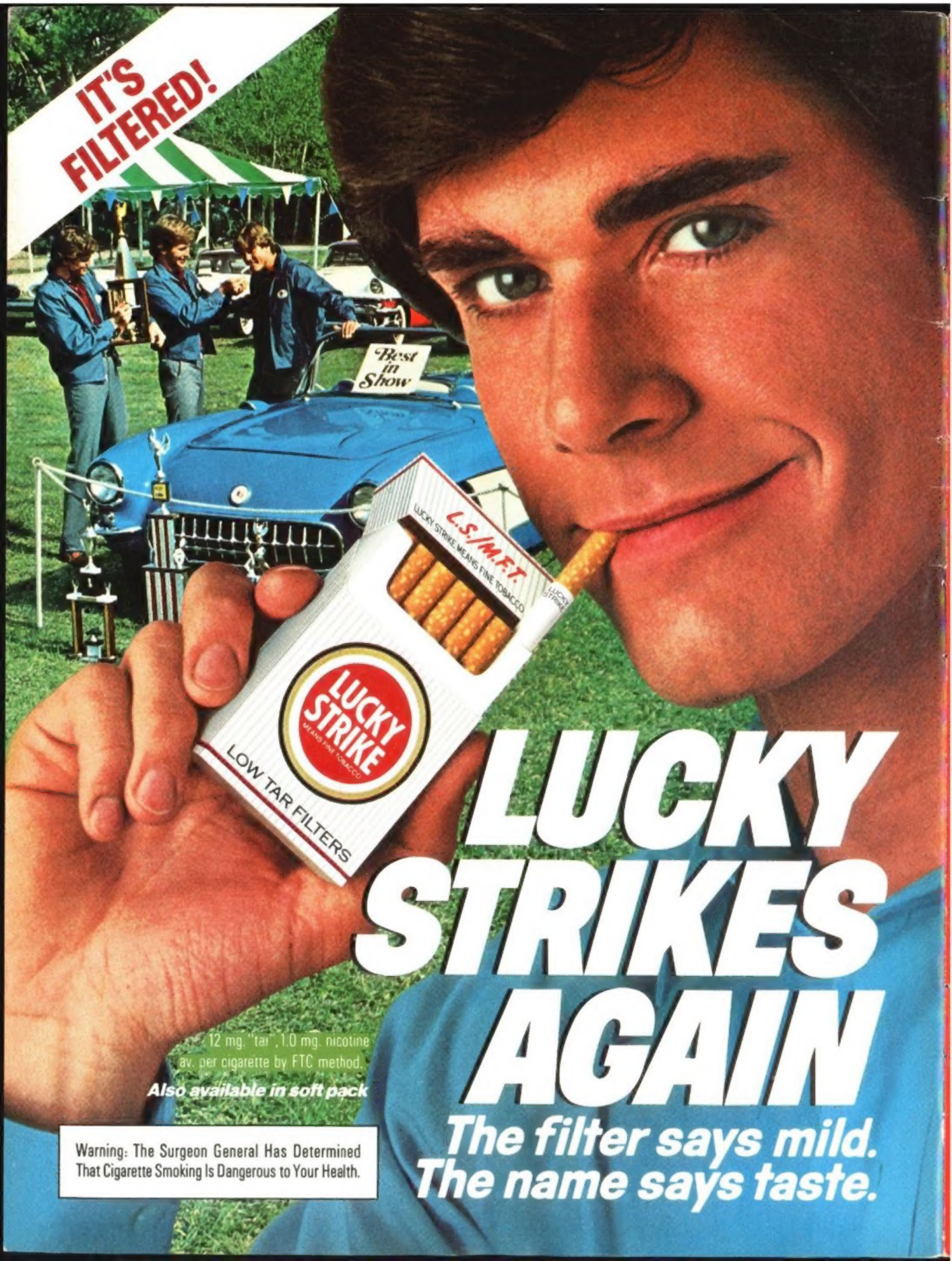
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